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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Platitudes

SPRING is a platitude. It rolls in over the winter rocks, beaten back, breaking, swirling through the crevices, yet flowing up from the Carolinas as inevitably as the tide. Platitudes have to be spoken of all incessant growth, of healing and recovery, of confidence and hope. It is a platitude to say that simple satisfactions outwear complex worries. It was platitudinous of Socrates to choose to sit under the plane trees near a brook. It was platitudinous of Jefferson to say that the best government was one which was least in evidence. It is a platitude to thank heaven that Shakespeare wrote plays, instead of discussing (with Bacon) the new philosophy of the Renaissance, or exercising his originality upon the relation between the rising prices of the Elizabethan era and the exuberance of Marlowe, the confidence of Spenser, and the hearty optimism of Ben Jonson.

Permit us, then, a platitude which is not the less sincere for being true. This hurly-burly year of 1933, acute in its anxieties, exciting in its march of events, disturbing in its aspects of revolution and the decadence of the civilized mind, is not historically, if history means men and not merely events, precisely what it seems. In spite of inflation and the gold standard and the farm bill and Hitler and the Reds, the swamp cabbage pushed up as usual in April, and the dogwoods are getting ready to bloom on the trap ridges of Connecticut. An egregious platitude, yet there are times when some folk must have platitudes pushed down their throats to counteract windy indigestions.

Goethe kept his head in the Napoleonic disturbances. It is not easy. With newspapers as exciting as they were in war time, with magazines crowded with important articles of topical reference, and with the most interesting books those dealing with economics and politics, it is difficult to remember that, howsoever important, these storms and flurries are transient,—their important effects for culture being best measured not in theory, and often not even in practice, but in literature and the arts. This is no counsel of the ivory tower, nor encouragement of the mind seeking protection from external stress and escape from immediate decisions, but rather an appeal to the sense of proportion, which tips its balance so easily in times like these. "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" has the occasional wisdom of fools. The history of Puritanism in England was digested into that sentence. Because currency ratios and the curve of prices have become the staple of ordinary conversation, because leaders conditioned by one economic era are floundering in a new one, because youth having known only the uncertainty of a boom and the distress of a collapse assumes crisis as a norm of living and distrusts all values because the values it has known have been shaken or obscured—because of all this, is philosophy less desirable, literature less worthy of pursuit, or the arts less relevant to the needs of mankind? To answer "not a whit" is platitudinous,—yet if the gold standard is shaken, platitudes, good platitudes, are still sound.

It is the misfortune of the reflective mind today that pricks and throbs come so constantly from the electricity of events that it is impossible to be both detached and human. Yet to paraphrase a famous

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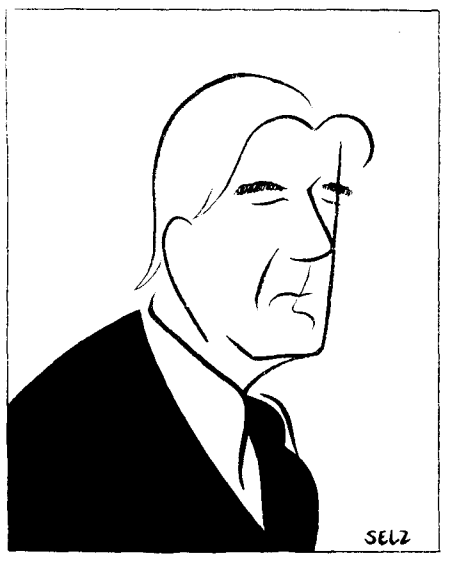

NORMAN DOUGLAS.

Mr. Douglas At Home

LOOKING BACK. By NORMAN DOUGLAS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by TEMPLE SCOTT

WHEN a man has attained his Grand Climacteric, as Norman Douglas has, he has reached a position from which he can take a fairly long view in looking back on his life. If he indulges himself in this pastime of retrospection for his private delectation that is his own affair; but when he invites other people to share with him in his pastime by recording his experiences we naturally expect that he has something to tell us either for our benefit or our interest or our entertainment. Especially do we expect this when our host is so accomplished a raconteur as is the author of "South Wind" and "Old Calabria." Well, I have accepted Norman Douglas's invitation and have read "Looking Back," and I now gladly bear witness to having enjoyed an entertainment of a kind I have never experienced before in the reading of any autobiographical excursions I have taken in many years. I think my enjoyment has been due to Douglas's art in telling his experiences, for it has brought to me the zestful and courageous spirit with which he himself first encountered them. I have been living his experiences in his recitals of them. They have made me wish to have been young again.

Douglas's method of procedure is a novel one. For many years he had kept the calling cards left by friends and acquaintances. He now uses these calling cards as captions to his lucubrations and, so guided, he has taken that "promenade into the past and into regions which I shall

(*Continued on page* 588)

Escape to the Hills

By ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

FLEE to the hills! There still is time,
For men not wholly mad, to save
Their souls from the recurrent crime
Of being fool as well as knave.
Let men who have already died,
Not you, make second suicide.

The captains and the kings depart,
And duller villains eat their bread.
But you within whose secret heart
The pulse of new life is not dead,
Flee, flee!—before this clamor kills—
Into the silence of your hills.

Inflation or Bust*

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

IN the palmiest days of the Manchester school in America, cheapness was a main economic desideratum among the professors and journalists who persistently plumped for free trade. It is easy to apply the Marxian formula to these molders of public opinion, to see in their desire for access to the cheapest world market possible a mere reflection of self-interest. For professors, as a class, are on fixed salaries. When the price trend is down, they can buy more. Bound up with the free trade dogma of the nineteenth century American intellectual was the hard money policy. Godkin, the great editor of *The Nation*, persistently backed the Cleveland democracy, whose politicians argued both for lower tariffs and rigorous adherence to the gold standard. This gold standard, before the development of the Rand fields and the discovery of the cyanide process, also meant declining prices—cheapness which was beneficial to those on fixed incomes.

Today, all is changed. The professor on a fixed salary, the widow who has invested in gilt-edge railroad bonds, the creditor who holds the farmer's mortgage, has the very devil of a time making up his or her mind as to what constitutes self-interest. The professor visualizes himself taking a forced and wageless sabbatical unless prices go up to an extent that will permit farmers to make a profit on wheat, and, in turn, send their children to college. The widow worries about the time when the railroad, with earnings on their way to the vanishing point, will be forced into bankruptcy. The insurance companies that hold farm mortgages see themselves becoming landlords under compulsion, possessing acres which can't be sold for more than a song, and policy holders whose beneficiaries can't live on music. And so, as deflation grinds on, these traditional hard money people are torn two ways: they hate to give up the delights of cheapness, yet they want dearness (just enough of it) to come back before their titles to wealth suddenly vanish in repudiation.

The result of the dilemma is confusion in political alignments. The debtor farmer is practically alone in asking for an inflation that is not hedged about with all sorts of restrictions. Wage earners want enough inflation to guarantee them their jobs, but not enough to raise the price of foodstuffs to a point that would genuinely benefit the farmers. But no matter what one's personal position, the country is virtually of one mind on one specific subject: the way of the radical deflationist is too hard to be borne. For the radical deflationist must be willing to see insurance policies and bank deposits cut along with bonded debt. If the radical deflationist wants his mortgage charge reduced, he must be willing to see his savings account in the bank (which holds the mortgage) scaled down. He must be willing to look human misery in the face and like it, for complete deflation does not consider ways and means of putting purchasing power in the hands of the 15,000,000 unemployed.

The several books listed below all touch upon the enigmas of inflation. All of them recognize that there must be an improvement in the price level. Messrs. Woodward and Rose, John Maynard Keynes, Irving Fisher, and possibly Mr. Sparling, are, variously, for managing money in such a way as to stabilize the world price level at an agreed upon basis, say, that of 1926. They are all aware of the difficulties confronting them. "Certainly," say Messrs. Woodward and Rose, "someone must pay out huge sums to consumers if we are ever to emerge from this depression." How is this to be done? Mr. Keynes argues, with a fine display of logic, for increased public works. If new expenditure for public works is additional, and not merely in substitution for other expenditure, the increase of employment doesn't stop with government hiring. Additional wages are spent on additional purchases, which in turn lead to further employment. Moreover, this does not necessarily work an undue and permanent tax hardship on those whose incomes have continued to exist during the depression. If, as Mr. Keynes says, a primary annual expenditure of one hundred pounds per unemployed man will directly increase British incomes by two thirds of this amount, i.e., by sixty-six pounds, there will be a direct relief to the budget. Some of the income will go to men hitherto supported by the dole. Some will go to salaried professional classes, some to wage workers who have not been on the dole. The increased payment to these latter will also increase the taxation points, and the

* THE MEANS TO PROSPERITY. By JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1933. Thirty cents.

INFLATION: WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS TO KNOW ABOUT IT. By DONALD B. WOODWARD and MARC A. ROSE. New York: Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill. 1933. $1.50.

THE PRIMER OF INFLATION. By EARL SPARLING. New York: John Day. 1933. $1.50.

BANKER'S GOLD. By EDGAR LAWRENCE SMITH. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1933. $1.50.

MEN WITHOUT MONEY: THE CHALLENGE OF BARTER AND SCRIP. By WAYNE WEISHAAR and WAYNE W. PARRISH. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1933. $1.

STAMP SCRIP. By IRVING FISHER. Assisted by HANS R. L. COHRSSEN and HERBERT W. FISHER. New York: Adelphi Co. 1933. $1.50.

This Week

"THE LOST LEADER."
Reviewed by GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER.

"THEY BROUGHT THEIR WOMEN."
Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN.

"OTHER FIRES."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE."
Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

"MISS LONELYHEARTS."
Reviewed by T. C. WILSON.

"ARCTIC VILLAGE."
Reviewed by DAINES BARRINGTON.

"THE MODERN CORPORATION AND PRIVATE PROPERTY."
Reviewed by HENRY BRUÈRE.

"JOHN MARSHALL IN DIPLOMACY AND LAW."
Reviewed by HENRY STEELE COMMAGER.

NOTES WITH A YELLOW PEN.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

THE PHŒNIX NEST.
By WILLIAM ROSE BENÊT.

Next Week, or Later

ARNOLD BENNETT.
By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

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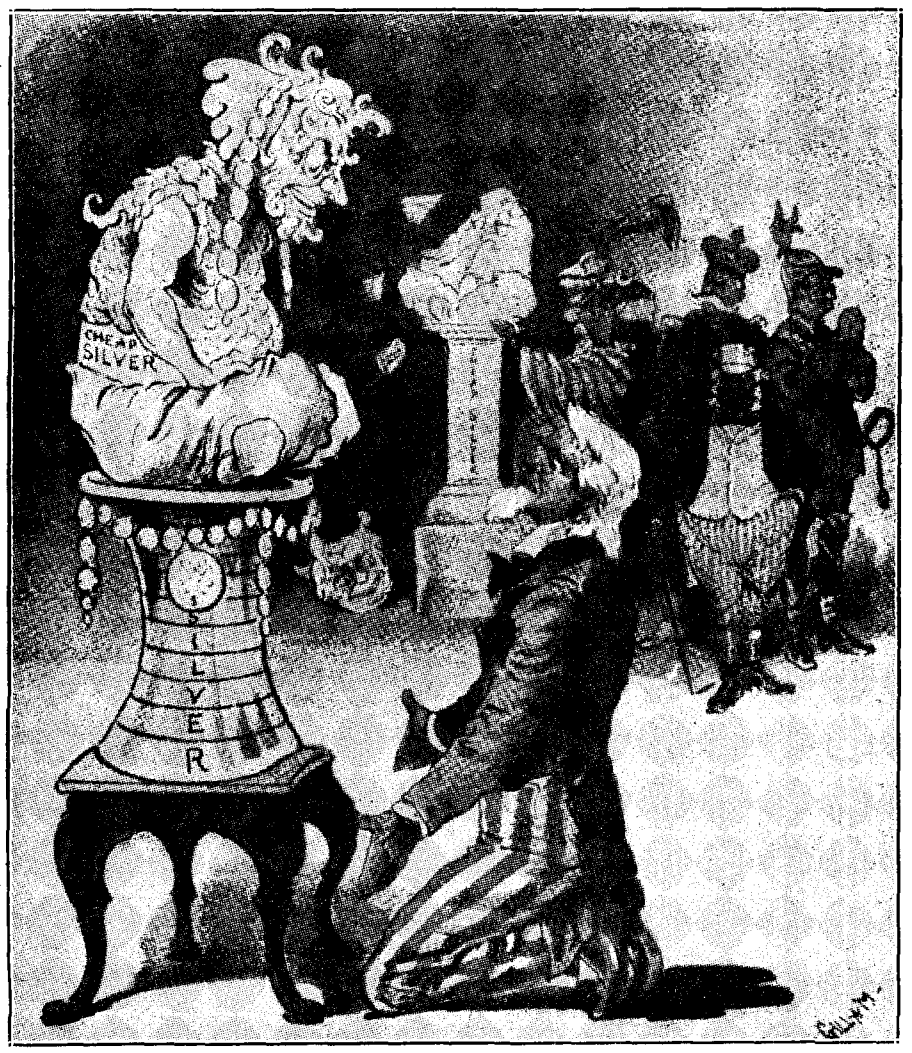
Exchequer will benefit. This all sounds somewhat paradoxical, but, as Mr. Keynes works it out, it is not illogical. For expenditures multiply expenditures, and in the Alice-in-Wonderland world of modern economics he may be right.

Messrs. Woodward and Rose are also in favor of a government spending program. They are against immediate devaluation



gold to, say, 15. In a recent *Nation* article, Henry Hazlitt has argued for devaluation, by international agreement if possible, by ourselves if world action is not feasible. Mr. Hazlitt's argument depends for its logic on the psychological value of gold as a stabilizer. Prices would rise after devaluation, he says, because the prices of wheat, copper, cotton, sugar, silver, oil, etc., are "international." A commodity exchanging for the equivalent of 23 grains of gold in the world market would, under devaluation, still tend to exchange for the same amount of gold, but 23 grains of gold would no longer be a dollar.

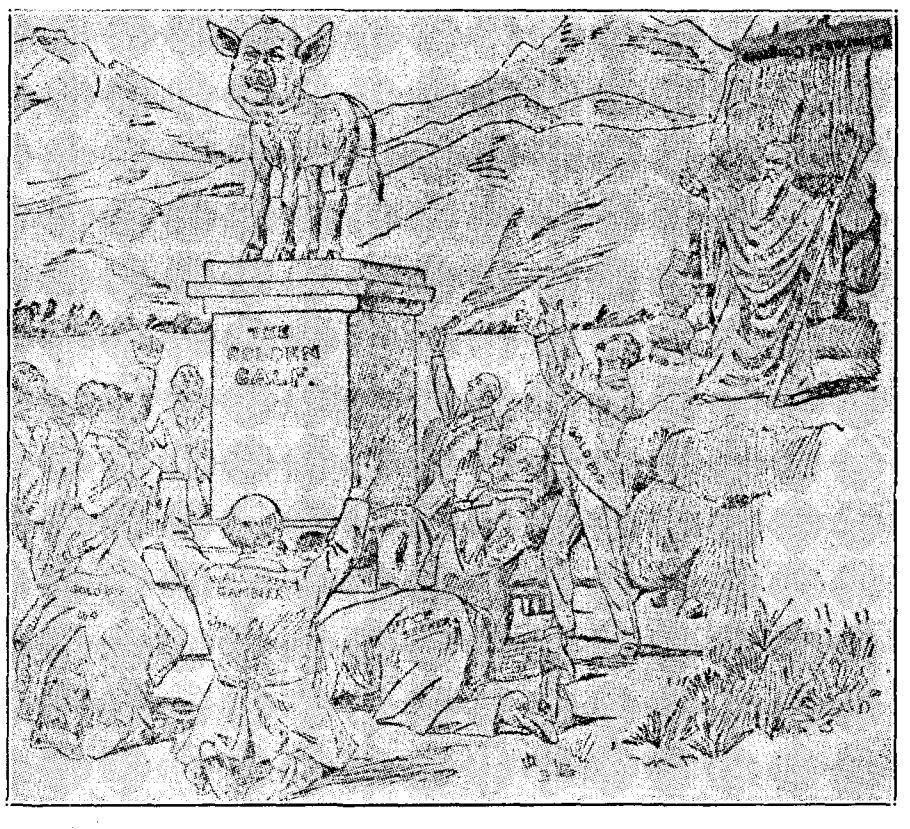
Granted that devaluation if undertaken by international agreement would result in a rise in the price level, Messrs. Woodward and Rose seem to have a good case against undertaking this step by ourselves. For when nations cut prices to meet competition, other nations follow suit. Tariffs and equalization funds are resorted to in the effort to preserve balances of trade threatened by competition. And devaluation of the dollar would not necessarily increase the number of dollars in the hands of consumers.

Mr. Hazlitt's argument for devaluation is also an argument against the quantity theory of money. Other things being equal, he says, if you cut the number of grains in the dollar in half, then the price of commodities, being an expression of a ratio to gold, will tend to double. There will be no necessity to pump purchasing power into the economic system, for the simple reason that increased prices will create credit in the natural course of events. A farmer who is getting more for his wheat will be able to borrow at the bank for tractors, for the banker will see that the farmer is making a profit. Credit will come into existence by a reversal of the process that decreased bank credit by twelve billions between 1929 and 1933.

The force of Mr. Hazlitt's argument rests on an analysis that considers the existence of commodity surpluses to be illusory. If there are no surpluses, then a changed ratio of gold to the dollar would, undoubtedly, other factors being theoretically equal, have its impact on the price level. It is here that argument enters. Charles Merz, for example, thinks it will be an extremely difficult process to manage a sustained inflation in the United States. In Germany, after the war, inflation was easy. The German industrial machine had been gutted by four years of disrepair. When the inflation commenced, there were no surpluses hanging over the market to depress rising prices. But in the United States, there is the question of excess plant, called into being through commitments made in the boom years. With steel production now ranging between fifteen and thirty percent of capacity, it is obvious that the market could be glutted with new steel overnight. Has anyone undertaken a survey to determine just how easily the "automatic sprinkler" of excess plant, wheat and cotton and copper surpluses, and capacity for future rationalization, would put out the fire of a moderate, "controlled" inflation? None of the books on inflation consider this aspect, which seemed fundamental to Thorstein Veblen, who saw industry functioning under a constantly falling price level.

Three of the books under discussion here treat inflation from the historical point of view. John Law, half-genius, half-charlatan, figures prominently as the banker whose inspired monkeyshines with the Mississippi Company in the Paris of Louis XV. touched off the fuse which eventually exploded the bomb of the French Revolution. The experience of the French with the *assignat* and *mandat* money, based (the Technocrats will be glad to learn) on public lands confiscated by the Revolution, forms the substance of warnings by these writers. Our own Civil War greenback inflation is ably discussed by Messrs. Sparling, Woodward, and Rose as an example of "controlled" inflation. The Woodward-Rose book is sensitive to the role played by Lady Luck in all our currency difficulties. Alexander Dana Noyes of the *New York Times* has ascribed, more than once, the relative good times of the 1880's in America to the resumption of specie payments for greenbacks, but, as Messrs. Woodward and Rose point out, this is abstracting only one factor from a more complex historical situation. It is equally true that we were enabled to resume by a terrible crop failure in Europe that coincided with a bumper crop in the American West. Europe bid desperately for our wheat, our unfavorable balance of trade was reversed, and gold flowed to New York. The hand of God broke the panic of the 'seventies. Today we are beginning to wonder at luck's persistent hiding. Hence the Roosevelt administration's attempt to substitute a farm bill for the forces of nature.

Prescriptions in these books vary. Mr. Sparling warns that inflation, while it raises the prices of raw materials, bears down hard on wage earners, and is apt to ruin the middle classes if it gets out of hand. Any improvement in foreign trade resulting from inflation is at the expense of labor. Manufacturers find they can sell abroad because exchange rates make it doesn't keep p[illegible] what the manufacturer does sell is, thus, made at less expense. As Oscar Ameringer says, capital and labor get together to smoke a cigar, but labor gets the snipe. The realization of this has prompted President Roosevelt to warn manufacturers that a price rise should be coupled with a commensurate wage rise if the country is to benefit from inflationary measures.



Mr. Smith's prescription is, virtually, that advocated by Justice Brandeis in 1913. He wants a separation of investment and commercial banking, an end to "financialism." Commercial credit should be put in the hands of an expanded national banking system. Mr. Smith says somewhere that "banking began as fraud." He wants bankers to become honest men. Messrs. Woodward and Rose are not so much concerned with honesty as they are with a stabilized price level. They point, vaguely, to the "managed currency" ideal. Irving Fisher, and Messrs. Weishaar and Parrish by inplication, are also for managing the currency to maintain a stable price level, such as that of Sweden. None of the books explains how Sweden does it; an enterprising publisher should turn to that next, and popularize Cassell.

Professor Fisher's stamp scrip is an ingenious device to compel the circulation of money. Requiring, as it does, the affixing of a stamp once a week, holders of this "dated" scrip are quick to get rid of it before stamp day rolls around. Professor Fisher wants it issued in small quantities as a means of "priming the pump." Banks, he says, could be made to accept it provided they be allowed to discount it at two percent or more in order not to have to pay the tax.

None of the writers is, as we have suggested, very definite as to means of controlling the price level. They may speak of prices based on a "commodity index." Presumably they would control prices by moving the bank rate, or rediscount rate, of the central banks up and down to prevent or encourage the flow of money into the making of capital goods. But none of them encounters John Strachey's objection to this. Mr. Strachey, in "The Coming Struggle for Power," has argued that the bank rate is often called upon to control two mutually exclusive things. For example, it may be necessary to raise the rediscount rate to prevent money from flowing out of the purchase of consumption goods and into Wall Street for broker's loans. But high money rates may, at the same moment, attract foreign gold, create disturbances in world balance of trade, and end by producing panic. Does controlling a price level, then, mean autarchy, national interference with the international movement of capital? If it does, it may mean eternal Fascism.

Mr. Keynes's proposal for world revival [illegible] successfully manipulate the machinery of the League of Nations to build herself an eastern wall of allies about Germany, then what is to prevent the same struggle for hegemony within the board of directors of the world bank? What, indeed?

Grand Old Blackguard

SIR HENRY MORGAN: BUCCANEER AND GOVERNOR. By W. ADOLPHE ROBERTS. New York: Covici-Friede. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by CATHARINE YOUNG

MR. ROBERTS has chosen an alluring, though difficult, subject in Sir Henry Morgan's amazing career, and has handled it with verve and skill. Today it is difficult to realize just what a bloody, orgiastic business seventeenth century buccaneering really was, and so Henry Morgan, the master mind of the buccaneers, the unsurpassed freebooter, who was yet a loyal servant of the Stuart dynasty, who was knighted by Charles II, and who was three times governor of Jamaica looms from his tumultuous period of history as a figure incredible, almost fabulous. Yet his career was not all romance. England was muddling her way into a definite colonial system in the seventeenth century, and in its development Sir Henry played his part.

Mr. Roberts has sifted the regrettably scanty source material, has weighed the existing authorities pro and con, and has come to his own conclusions. He paints Sir Henry in the unembellished fashion so admired by Oliver Cromwell—with all his warts—and the result is that the reader closes the book with a sneaking fondness for the old blackguard. The author's habit of introducing conversations which, although true enough to the spirit of the times, are purely imaginary, injects an element of fictionization which is generally regarded as incompatible with the dignity of "serious" history. Yet that very element adds much to the readable quality of the volume.

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Always a Maverick

ALWAYS A GRAND DUKE. By ALEXANDER, GRAND DUKE OF RUSSIA. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $3.

IN speaking of the tragi-comedy which his handsome cousin, the Grand Duke Cyril, plays in his present "Capital of Russia," the village of St. Briac in Brittany, the Grand Duke Alexander asks what may be the matter with the man. Is he a maniac, a superannuated visionary, a pitiful somnambulist?

> The answer is "no." In fact, the explanation is quite simple. It so happens that Grand Duke Cyril is the first in line of succession to the throne of Russia while I myself am fortunately the tenth. Therefore, I may write books and articles, play contract and backgammon, attend cocktail parties and greyhound races, travel, and have an all-around good time, but he must keep the Monarchistic Idea burning.

It is this more than liberated royalist, a man not only cut off by fate from his own past but rather more than willing to burn his own bridges behind him, to whose sprightly, cynical gossip and at once amusing and rather macabre adventures, we listen in this last posthumous narrative, as we have already listened in "Once a Grand Duke" and "Twilight of Royalty." This book is as lively and engrossing as its predecessor of similar title, and superior to the shallow "Twilight of Royalty."

"Always a maverick," the Grand Duke remarks of himself in one passage, and some such characterization seems called for to account for the breezy ruthlessness with which he always seems ready to throw overboard, not only the impedimenta, but what might appear to be the more permanent cargo of his old life. In speaking of the emigrés' wrangle about the "recovery" of Russia, meaning thereby that "the grand dukes, the bankers, and the generals would return to St. Petersburg and resume their occupancy of palaces, the Stock Exchange, and the Guards' Barracks," he says that he never took part "in these arguments for the [illegible] that I would not have taken [illegible]ussia as a gift. I was through [illegible] monarchistic, communistic, and I hoped to God I would never lay my eyes on St. Petersburg again."

When the newspaper carrying the story of the execution of four Russian grand dukes, two his brothers and two his cousins, was placed at his breakfast table in the Hotel Ritz in Paris in 1919, the maître d'hôtel suggested that possibly Monseigneur would prefer to have his breakfast served upstairs. Instead, Alexander stayed where he was, slowly buttering his toast and sipping his coffee under the astonished eyes of the whole dining-room. And that evening he went to a dinner-party. "There would have been no point," he writes, "in explaining that no firing squad can extinguish that spark of immortal energy and eternal human effort which was known to me as the Grand Duke Nicholas Michailovich of Russia." A fiery hatred of bunk and pose of any sort seems to have been a part of Alexander's character, and he would risk seeming brutal or "cheap," as he does many times in the books with which he helped to keep his head above water during his last years, rather than yield to what the crowd expected of him.

The present volume begins with Alexander's rescue from Russia by a British cruiser in 1919, and follows his extraordinary adventures down to his return from America to the Côte d'Azure in 1931. The book is always entertaining, and even when its author exasperates, one cannot deny his verve, his extraordinary adaptability, and cantankerous courage.

Processional

THEY BROUGHT THEIR WOMEN. By EDNA FERBER. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MISS FERBER'S keen and precise powers of observation and ability to isolate and select significant detail make her an adroit writer of the short story. She catches the very tempo and accent of daily life and reflects its habiliments with so nice a truthfulness that background and figures start from her pages with amazing fidelity to fact. "They Brought Their Women," which contains eight short stories, though it throws into high relief her limitations, exemplifies all her virtues. Whether she is depicting the crowded day of a successful actress or the lonely one of a country milliner transplanted to the great city, or whether she is concerned with the private life of a children's nurse or the haphazard experiences of a taxi-driver, she is alike adept in conveying the minutiæ of setting and in reproducing the dialogue of differing social groups.

Her art lends itself excellently to such a tale, for instance, as "Hey! Taxi!" with its kaleidoscopic portrayal of the passing scene, or to "Glamour," in which the

Courtesy of Nickolas Muray.
EDNA FERBER.

successive incidents are projected against a minutely detailed background. If it is less successful in such tales as "Meadow Lark" and "No Foolin'," that is because their emotional undertones are of more importance than externals, and externals, not emotions, are Miss Ferber's forte.

Superficially these stories are all that could be desired. They are neat, compact, skilful; they move rapidly, advance with utmost economy of means, and end with a snap. But clever, amusing, poignant as they are at times, they have little originality of theme and small psychological subtlety. Miss Ferber skims the surface of life rather than penetrates to the springs of action, and concerns herself with manners rather than with the complications and entanglements of human relationship. Her tales are excellent magazine fiction, excellent idle hour reading, but because they deal with superficialities and not with fundamentals their effectiveness is of the moment only. We have just a suspicion that Miss Ferber, and not the short story as such, is to blame for that.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

THE MEANS TO PROSPERITY. By JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES. *Harcourt, Brace.*
A pamphlet pointing toward the World Economic Conference in June.

MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE. By WILSON WRIGHT. *Boni.*
A red-blooded story of Cuba.

A JUDGE TAKES THE STAND. By JOSEPH N. ULMAN. *Knopf.*
A Baltimore judge's explanation of the daily processes of the law, written for the layman.

This Less Recent Book:

THE TIME OF MAN. By ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS. *Viking.*
A tale of the Southern mountaineers, at once realistic and poetic.

IN WORDSWORTH'S LAKE REGION.

A Poet Ruined by Remorse

THE LOST LEADER: A Study of Wordsworth. By HUGH I'ANSON FAUSSET. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE MACLEAN HARPER

LIKE radium, the influence of great poetry goes forth perpetually and in various forms, while the substance remains essentially undiminished. Great poetry, the very greatest, may be freshly interpreted, age after age, and may even yield meanings never dreamed of by those who wrote it. Euripides, for example, could not foresee that Professor Gilbert Murray would make of his tragedy "The Trojan Women" a vital commentary on the horrors of war in the twentieth century. No more striking illustration of the inexhaustible nature of great poetry could be imagined than Mr. Fausset furnishes in this profound interpretation of the life and works of Wordsworth. While not altogether new, it is original, because it is the outcome of intense absorption, extensive knowledge, and profound conviction. However sceptical one may be of biographical studies that arrange the heterogeneous facts of a person's life to support a theory or exemplify a philosophy, there is no denying their effectiveness, if they are made honestly and not merely to attract attention. Mr. Fausset is obviously sincere and also competent. Whether his enthusiasm has not forced his facts into an unreal consistency, it is my purpose to consider.

Since the publication, in 1896, of M. Legonis's "La Jeunesse de William Wordsworth" a whole generation of scholars have been making their contributions towards solving the two problems of the poet's life and art; namely, what were the sources of his creative power in early years, and what the causes of his decline into a relatively uninspired phase. Among the most recent of these studies are M. Legonis's "William Wordsworth and Annette Vallon," 1922, Mr. H. W. Garrod's Oxford lectures in 1923, Professor Arthur Beatty's investigation of the influence of Hartley's psychology upon the poet, 1924, the late C. H. Herford's "Wordsworth," 1930, Mr. Herbert Read's "Wordsworth," 1931, and several articles by Professor MacGillinray, Newton P. Stallknecht, O. J. Campbell and Paul Mueschke. Mr. Fausset uses the material furnished in these and other works, especially Mr. Beatty's, and yet maintains his independence of all secondary sources, his chief reliance being upon the poet's writings and the known facts of his life. He probes deeper than anyone ever has done before, and his audacity excites both admiration and misgiving. His undertaking was full of pitfalls, but the stride of his conviction is so firm and his learning carries so much weight that he comes through fairly triumphant, in spite of several tumbles.

One of these pitfalls was the temptation to write fiction. This he has in the main avoided, for though he seldom mentions his authorities, he knows his ground. He has also escaped the morass of physiological psychology. He is scrupulous in his search for authentic biographical facts, though sometimes too fanciful in his inferences. But with the poems he often deals arbitrarily, to make them suit his purpose, being positive where he should have admitted the possibility or even probability of doubt. He scrutinizes Wordsworth's long life and the vast body of his verse and prose with a determination to find support for a particular theory. Back of this theory about Wordsworth lies Mr. Fausset's own philosophy. This latter is very noble, and with it I have no fault to find. It is with the theory that we are concerned.

The theory is that Wordsworth in [illegible] childhood and youth was integral, a s[illegible] at peace with itself and furthermore i[illegible] state of union with nature, doing the will of God without question or difficulty, and thus attaining heights of poetic vision; that, however, his unwise obedience to a natural but sinful impulse when he was the lover of Annette Vallon revealed to him a flaw in nature and in himself, made him remorseful and timid, and caused him to build up and maintain for the rest of his life a system of defense against the torture of conscience and the censure of the world.

This theory assumes so many phases in the course of Mr. Fausset's 447 pages that the above statement of it is necessarily too simple. He subjects the acts and words of the poet to an over-subtle analysis. He regrets that Wordsworth did not, throughout his life, remain "a true mystic," surrendering himself, as he had done sometimes in his boyhood, to currents of emotion deeper than his conscious self. His regret causes Mr. Fausset to undervalue Wordsworth's realism. Blake, who at his best was a realist and at his worst a mystic, said truly "every Minute Particular is holy"; and Coleridge, enumerating the qualities of the poetic mind, included "delight in little things." Though Wordsworth in boyhood and youth had moments when he felt as if he were joined to the totality of life in some ecstatic union, and though this mood recurred at times later, as we know, for example, from the "Lines composed above Tintern Abbey," there is no warrant for assuming that these trances of the mind were more heaven-born than the gift of observation and the gift of reflection which filled the long intervals with matter for poems of a less famous perhaps, but no less characteristic, kind. The wild animal spirits of a boy, when compared with a man's duller processes of enjoyment and less spontaneous modes of expression, are not necessarily more authentic testimonies of union with life.

According to Mr. Fausset, Wordsworth failed to remain "a true mystic" chiefly because the integrity of his life was broken by his fatal connection with Annette. In trying to prove this he sees her in poems where no one has seen her be-

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fore and where she probably has never been. A biographer, knowing how tempting it is to build up theories and also aware of the limitations imposed by evidence and still more by the absence of evidence, must inevitably feel sceptical when he reads, for example, that Dorothy Wordsworth was the primary and Annette Vallan the secondary inspiration of the poem "Ruth." No doubt it is the prerogative of a sensitive and intelligent reader to see in poetry more than meets the eye, as it is the virtue of great poetry to contain infinite varities of meaning destined to be unfolded successively with the lapse of time and change of taste and fresh needs of men. But, to take another example, Mr. Fausset violates several probabilities when he contends—and he does contend dogmatically—that the mysterious subject of those exquisite five so-called "Lucy" poems is a combination of Annette and Dorothy. This is too fantastic. Wordsworth never, in his most characteristic or most inspired poems, worked in an element removed from actuality and was not capable of putting together such a monster, *undique collatis membris.*

Yet it must be admitted that Mr. Fausset discovers several instances of probable allegory suggested by the memory of Annette. No doubt the young poet, during his residence in France in 1792, lost not only innocence but the strength and the peace of mind that innocence confers. No doubt this was one cause of those self-tormenting investigations of right and wrong which resulted, several years later, in his yielding up moral questions in despair and seeking to find once more in nature the guide, the guardian of his heart and soul of all his moral being. In examining this interaction between moral conflict and spontaneous joy, Mr. Fausset is brilliantly successful, until he passes beyond the year 1798, by which time that particular phase of the strife was nearly over. Then new problems faced the poet and new powers were conferred upon him. Of these Mr. Fausset takes too little account. He applies his formula of remorse and defense-mechanism to the half-century of life in which political, economic, and domestic motives came more and more into play. That they affected the later Wordsworth disastrously there is no denying. As Mr. Fausset well says: "He inevitably gravitated to the timid and negative Tory side, sharing its panic, its concern for rights and privileges, its anxiety to preserve the past as long as it could against the inroads of the future." He acquiesced in the acquisitiveness and the militarism of an age which rejected the Revolutionary belief "in reason and the perfectability of man, the conception that both nations and individuals should serve as members of one harmonious society." He failed to "foresee how fatal war was to prove in an industrialized and mechanized world." Had he been true to himself by forgetting himself, had he scorned his fears, had he preserved the generous human sympathies of his youth, he might have diverted the course of history into happier channels. This is the second part of Mr. Fausset's thesis, which he has developed with persuasiveness.

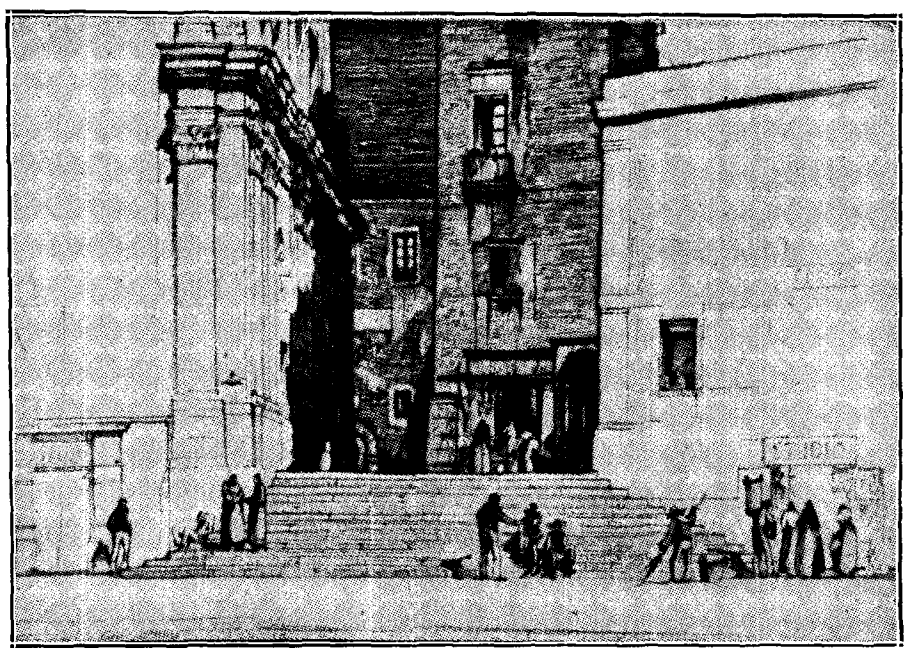
George MacLean Harper, who has recently retired from Princeton University, is one of the outstanding authorities on Wordsworth in this country.

The Pulitzer Prize committee, in honoring Frederick Jackson Turner's "The Significance of Sections in American History" (Henry Holt), honored the force making for vitality in their other 1932 choices. T. S. Stribling's "The Store" (Doubleday, Doran) is a sectional novel about the south; its drama is multiplied by currents which produced the Civil War. Allan Nevins's "Grover Cleveland" (Dodd, Mead) revels in regional detail; it is a history of Buffalo and northern York State for the Gilded Age, as well as a biography. Archibald MacLeish's "Conquistador" (Houghton Mifflin) turns back to our origins as a continental dwelling place for various European strains. Maxwell Anderson's "Both Your Houses" (Samuel French) alone escapes sectional influence. But he proclaims a pox on the Federal government's impotence because sectional differences prevent the expression of any disinterested national will.

Mr. Douglas At Home

(*Continued from first page*)

never see again." His book is thus, in a sense, a kind of *catalogue raisonné* of the men and women (mostly women) he has known, but arranged quite regardless of chronological order. Yet in telling of these people he reveals himself, and the reader is thus placed in a position to build up for himself the living Douglas as a boy, as a young man, and as what he is now as a ripened citizen of the world. To accomplish this in the Douglas manner that "emphasis on individuality" impressed on him by his early friend, Professor Leydig of Wurzburg, was demanded. The admonition, which he took to heart, supplied him with "a formula for avoiding those flat lands of life where men absorb each other's habits and opinion to such an extent that nothing is left save a herd of flurried automata." Certainly Douglas is no flurried automaton. From another friend, Le Comte Campo Alegre, he learned another lesson, "that life was too short for anything but the best." The Comte had "taken life by the throat in many lands and it yielded every pleasure, legitimate or otherwise, which it had to offer." He scorned the civilized attitude.



SAN STEFANO, CAPRI.
From an Etching by Louis C. Rosenberg ("Fine Prints of the Year 1932," Minton, Balch).

"Your vulgarian," he told Douglas, "cannot achieve this point of view. For all his effrontery he is a slave—a slave to his own poor soul, to a thousand prejudices and taboos." If Douglas's book proves anything it proves to a demonstration that its writer is not that kind of a vulgarian.

As I was reading this fascinating autobiographical excursion I was continually being transported into an Elizabethan day. I seemed to be reading a modern Hakluyt. For here is a man of that same reckless, adventurous spirit with whom it is a delight to travel anywhere and everywhere. I could well believe that this reincarnated son of the Renascence would have chortled with glee to play that practical joke the dramatist Shakespeare is reported to have played on Richard Burbage, the actor. There is in this man a gusto for life and a spirit of gladsome abandon to it as well as a generous acceptance of its offerings which are rejuvenating and enhancing in their virility.

Among the many hundreds of people here revitalized I knew but a few, but the portraits here presented of these are so in accord with my own experiences of them that I am quite willing to take the rest for granted. I should have enjoyed meeting Maestro Vincenzo, that deft and gentle mason, who partly built Douglas's house in Capri but was unhappily prevented from finishing his job by being arrested for double murder. Poor devil, he liked girls, "but they make one suffer," he said. Alas, *la libidine ha non fine.* Mrs. Annie Bertram Webb, the New England lady, is another strange piece of humanity that must have been an experience to know; but, I protest, she deserved a larger charity of treatment, for her heart could be beneficiently moved. An Esterhazy is mentioned, the Secretary to the French Embassy in St. Petersburg when Douglas was an attaché there. I am wondering if this is the same Esterhazy I knew in London. My Esterhazy was the villain in the Dreyfus Case, and a character. We got on very well together despite the fact that I couldn't speak his French and he couldn't speak my English. But I understood him and he understood me after I had bought a French dictionary of argot. His appellation for the publisher, for whom I was then reader, still rings in mine ancient ear and would tickle even Douglas's Edmund Barton, Corvo's last companion in his miserable poverty; but it is unprintable.

Ah, yes, Baron Corvo *was* a phenomenon, but he was his own worst enemy. I knew him well and I agree with every word Norman Douglas writes of him. But he has passed on so let him rest in peace—if he can. I regret Douglas's dismissal of Frederic Chapman with a mere name; but perhaps he did not know this brain of the Bodley Head. I can assure him that he was a great-hearted gentleman with a real mind in whose company Douglas would have found God's plenty. "Frankie" Harris of course could not be omitted from Douglas's gallery and his etching of him is to the life—a Balkan conspirator and a swashbuckler "with a reverence for all that is admirable in art or literature." Of D. H. Lawrence Douglas furnishes the only sane estimate of the man I have yet read. The sketch of Rupert Brooke is worth reprinting:—

> Brooke a vertebrate. His was a positive gift, a yea-saying to life—the poet's first requisite. The animal in him was not atrophied, as in so many of us. He was assimilative and zestful, unafraid of realities, responsive to phenomena. The spoilt-darling phase was nearing its end when he died in Tris Boukes Bay.

"Life and death are in the hands of the tongue," is a saying of the Jewish rabbis. In Norman Douglas's hands there is life abundant.

Platitudes

(*Continued from first page*)

platitude, nothing remains the same thing so much as change, and in between starvation on the one hand and death by violence on the other, the chief desires and sorrows of the human race go on pretty much the same in crisis and out of it. On the whole, there is more to be learned of current truth in Plato, Samuel Butler, and Emerson (a frightful platitude) than in *The Saturday Evening Post,* and much more likelihood that the male described by Fielding and the female depicted by Stendhal will be recognizable in 2033 than that the prophecies everyone is peddling will ever come near enough the future to be worth remembering. Have your world as in your time, by all means, but don't forget (a platitude) that life goes on, and has been a long time going, which is something that the really good books were written to record.

Mr. Canby, who will be abroad for the next few months, will write an occasional editorial only. The remainder, until after Labor Day, will be written by other members of the Editorial Staff.

BOOKS IN THE NEWS

ON the afternoon of May 2, in Yorkville Court, Don Quixote Sumner of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice opened his latest battle against the windmills of the "lewd, lascivious, and indecent" in literature. The book that had aroused his ire, and his concern for the morals of thousands who never read books, anyway, was "God's Little Acre," by Erskine Caldwell, a tall tale of some never-never land which the author specifies as being Georgia (Viking, Publisher).

It must be said that Mr. Sumner did not show to advantage. Magistrate Benjamin Greenspan listened patiently to the charge that Mr. Caldwell's book was pornography, asked just whom Sumner represented, dipped interestedly into "God's Little Acre" when it was placed in evidence, permitted Wolfgang Schwabacher, attorney for the Viking Press, to read a list of the highly reputable Viking authors (including Alfred E. Smith and Rabbi Wise), and announced that His Honor must reserve decision until May 23 if he was going perforce into the business of literary criticism. When Mr. Schwabacher likened John S. Sumner to Hitler in Germany, the Magistrate chuckled. "You wouldn't compare him to Hitler," he remonstrated, "surely he can't be as bad as that." But Mr. Schwabacher couldn't be dissuaded; Sumner was a Hitler, that was all there was to it. The assembled taxi-drivers, bootleggers, and night club proprietors, waiting their turn before the Magistrate, thoroughly enjoyed the proceedings. They, too, had come into contact with repressive measures (sired by Volstead, not Sumner), and they grinned at the solemn Sumner's discomfiture.

Caldwell himself, Maxim Lieber, his literary agent, Marshall Best and Ben Huebsch of the Viking Press, and other devotees of belles lettres, were in the crowd, straining to catch the overtones from beyond the railing where Sumner was standing, hands behind his back. A joke to the taxi-drivers, the hearing was serious enough to them. A decision in favor of the Vice Society might set an unholy precedent that would catch more than one author and publisher. Caldwell looked perturbed until the Magistrate gave evidence of having a sense of humor. But the author of "God's Little Acre" expressed delight when someone, on leaving the court, referred to Sumner as "God's Little Belly Acher." That was quite in the spirit of Mr. Caldwell's own humor in "Tobacco Road" and other fables, including the book under Sumner's fire.

"As a day of commemoration April 23 is getting too crowded for comfort," says the London *Observer.* "Even when it was shared between Shakespeare and St. George it was full enough, and as the two cults have extended the jostling has been severe. The 23rd is also the day of Wordsworth's death (1850), but the public cannot in reason be expected to remember two poets in one day. A doubtful claimant is Cervantes, who died on the same date as Shakespeare, though not on the same day: a paradox which resolves itself when one remembers calendar differences."

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Backwash of Revolution

OTHER FIRES. By MAXIM GORKI. Translated by ALEXANDER BAKSHY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

GORKY'S new novel deals with the backwash of the 1905 revolution. Clim Samghin, a lawyer and in politics a Social Revolutionary, through whose eyes its jumble of characters and events are viewed, would appear to be Gorky himself. At any rate, the author and his principal character have much in common.

It isn't an easy book to read. It has, it seems to me, all those disabilities from which the once peasant-genius began to suffer when he "got politics," could no longer look at life simply and objectively, and must needs turn everything into a sort of social treatise. I must confess to have waded through a considerable part of the book without getting much more out of it than if it had been written in Chinese. The latter part, when Clim gets mixed up with the antics of a group of Russian Holy Rollers, seemed to clear up a bit, but even here I could not quite grasp what the author intended to be the alluring Marinas' significance. She is the attractive widow, part fat merchant's wife, part a sort of pagan priestess, with whom the restless, intellectually-bewildered Samghin keeps fussing during the latter half of the story.

"Cynicism and tears," Samghin thought, after he had seen her, through a peekhole, leading the Holy Rollers' rites, "Something perverse, dark—I must keep farther away from her." Samghin suddenly went abroad, and there the book ends, without further explanation. Gorky himself went abroad shortly after the 1905 revolution, and in 1907 began his life at Capri. Possibly the full meaning of Samghin's adventure with Marina will be brought out in a later story.

He speaks, in analyzing Samghin's traits, of "the deformity of Russian life and the fitful unruliness of the human [illegible] that they "explained to [illegible]ord with actuality." De[illegible]unruliness, discord with [illegible]haracteristic, not only of a large part of the characters in "Other Fires," but of the point of view of the author himself. In so far as these traits are Russian traits, it might be urged that the novel succeeds in conveying the thing intended. But it is one thing, surely, to say that a certain character was fuzzy in his thinking and quite another to have the authors' own drawing of that character fuzzy. We constantly feel in "Other Fires," I think, the subjective struggles and bewilderment of Gorky himself, the tormented searchings of one who has been on both sides of so many barricades —peasant and intellectual, Bolshevik and not-Bolshevik, anti-Czar and yet not quite Soviet, artist and pamphleteer, broken off from the old yet not quite rooted in the new; a man tired, harassed, no longer able to see anything simply.

There are flashes throughout this long procession of street fights, hold-ups, assassinations, flares of rebellion, cloudy conversations, of Gorky's native ability, but little clearness in pattern or in content. And I fear that most ordinary American readers will find it disappointing.

Spanish California

RANCHERO. By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $2.50.

READERS of Stewart Edward White's "The Long Rifle" will not be surprised to find in this book, in which its hero reappears, a lively tale, spiced with picturesque incident and cast against a background bright with local color. "Ranchero" carries Andy Burnett, the trapper, across the Great Divide into Southern California, thrusting him in the course of his hazardous journey into a friendly encounter with Indians, a violent set-to with Mexicans, a romantic friendship with a spirited young hidalgo, and a whirlwind courtship of the latter's sister.

Mr. White's tale is in type a familiar one, but it takes on character from the vividness with which its setting is presented and the detail which builds up the picture of a past which took so much of its color from Spain. His portrayal of life in hacienda and mission, with its mixture of gallantry and rudeness, its persistence of Spanish mores together with pioneer adventure, is spirited and glamorous and at the same time wears the stamp of authenticity. So much of the emphasis of Mr. White's narrative goes on incident that it is only on reflection that the historical value of "Ranchero" becomes apparent. That, however, is sufficient to lend the book an interest, even a distinction, lacking to most tales of its kind. Its first interest, of course, is in its story which is a good, vigorous yarn, but that story gains immensely from the meticulous care with which its "business" has been worked out.

Sheer Narrative

MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE. By WILSON WRIGHT. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1933.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Wright's novel amply demonstrates his qualifications as an expert in things Cuban, the core of his satisfying book is its sheer narrative excellence. There is no room in this full-blooded story for the picturesque, and very little for background of any sort, since the author is preoccupied with character and incident throughout. Yet it gives a remarkably clear picture of a Cuba still unexploited by the American writers of fiction, who have so far confined their efforts largely to the continental mannerisms of Havana, neglecting the more characteristic life of the sugar plantations and mines in the interior. The period of wild speculation during and just after the war when paper for-

WILSON WRIGHT.

tunes were made and lost with a fluency unequalled even in Wall Street forms the economic frame for Mr. Wright's story. Even his young mine worker, fresh from Spain, necessarily feels the effects of this unrest, however indirectly, and in José Perdriga and María Sanclemente—somewhat belatedly his wife—the author has recreated the average couple's experience during these years with admirable directness. Although always desirous of quiet and a simple life on his own plantation, José is involved in a political murder, a revolution, of some importance, an abduction, and at least a dozen other events which would be sufficiently unusual in the history of a mere Anglo-Saxon.

The really great quality of Mr. Wright's book is that he makes all this seem intelligible and acceptable, free from melodrama, and lightened by a charming humor. That there are millions of such lives, outwardly confusing but inwardly as logical as those of most business men in America, any reading of Latin-American history will prove. The perfect normality of such an extraordinary program of existence under circumstances differing but slightly from those obtaining in the great —and unfortunately far from popular— sister republic of the North is explained largely by racial and climatic considerations into which Mr. Wright wisely does not go. Instead, he is content to interpret these people in the simplest and subtlest way, by presenting their daily life without idealizing or decrying it. His book is excellent narrative, valuable light shed on our least understood neighbor.

American Humor

MISS LONELYHEARTS. By NATHANAEL WEST. New York: Liveright, Inc. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by T. C. WILSON

AMERICAN literature of recent years has produced very little vigorous humor. There are indications, however, that certain of the younger writers, notably Erskine Caldwell and Nathanael West, are attempting to restore the comic view of life to its legitimate place in art—Caldwell with his novels "Tobacco Road" and "God's Little Acre," and West with his robust satire, "Miss Lonelyhearts." Their works may ultimately form a contribution to our literature and enrich the tradition of native humor.

"Miss Lonelyhearts" is a comedy with tragic implications. Beneath their surface absurdities the people in this tale are pitifully ineffective and frustrated. The problems and disappointments which they bring to Miss Lonelyhearts, conductor of a New York newspaper column of advice to the distressed, in the belief that he can help them, reveal the futility of their lives. Broken-hearted, Desperate, Disillusioned-with-tubercular husband, and the rest are laughable in their naive letters, but their suffering is depressing. Mr. West presents them with much power. In the character of Miss Lonelyhearts he also exposes the civilization which has produced them. When Miss Lonelyhearts no longer considers his job a joke and circulation stunt, and begins to think of himself as the spiritual adviser to millions of inarticulate sufferers, a kind of modern Christ, he is compelled to search for values to base his philosophy on. He examines various ideals —art, Christ, the soil—but rejects one after another when he finds them all without meaning for him. He is left as helpless and inarticulate as those starved souls he hoped to lead to the light of a new faith.

It is an ironic and bitter humor that arises from such a dilemma—quite unlike the merely amusing type of *New Yorker* fun-poking at superficialities. Mr. West pierces beneath the surfaces of his material. The tragic lives of his characters impress us even more powerfully because they are made to seem stupid and comic. We may laugh with the author at these people, but we recognize the essential seriousness which has given his writing its impetus. "Miss Lonelyhearts" is a solid work as well as a brilliant one. Mr. Dreiser would have made a tragedy out of this material; Mr. West, in making a satiric comedy of it, has perhaps given a more adequate rendering of men whose warped lives do not offer any theme considerable enough for tragedy.

An Arctic Middletown

ARCTIC VILLAGE. By ROBERT MARSHALL. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by DAINES BARRINGTON

IN 1899, far beyond Dawson and Klondike, gold was discovered in the upper valley of the Koyukok. Since that date five million dollars worth of the metal has been taken from an area equalling in size that of Massachusetts and New Jersey. Of the 350 white settlers which the region has at no time exceeded, only about twenty-five have accumulated more than $2,000.

The population of the valley today comprises seventy-seven whites, of whom seven are women, forty-four Eskimos, and six Indians. Wiseman, which is the largest community, boasts forty-eight houses, is two hundred miles from the nearest pavement, 150 from the nearest doctor, and 175 from the nearest church. A frontier mining town, whose past has been brief, and whose spirit is virile and dauntless, if callow, it offers an interesting field for sociological investigation. To gain an insight into its character and conditions of living, Mr. Marshall took up residence for some time within its borders. His book describes in meticulous detail and with particular emphasis on environment the specialized society of the community, reflecting it in large part through the comment of its inhabitants.

The temperature range of the region is, according to Mr. Marshall, a broad one. The thermometer, even in a mild winter, falls as low as —50°, while in summer it occasionally reaches 90° in the shade. Three months of continuous daylight, and the warmth of the summer season, are sufficient to produce a luxuriant vegetable life. Mr. Marshall quotes in this connection a turnip which reached eleven and a quarter inches in diameter. On the other hand, the darkness of the Arctic winter, in Mr. Marshall's opinion, has a subtly depressing and irritating influence upon the disposition of the inhabitants. As evidence of this conclusion he cites the fact that the

From the Jacket Design of "Arctic Village."

number of quarrels rose from two a month in summer to about six in winter.

Of the members of this isolated Arctic village, only four have ever been to college. Yet the Stanford-Binet test shows the number of Koyukukers in the superior intelligence class to be four times as great as among normal Americans. Of the topics which most engaged the attention of the population, investigation revealed th[illegible] "bad times" interested more persons th[illegible] anything else, though there was o[illegible] among them who stood out for "the cur[illegible] of Tutankhamon's tomb." Thirty-three of the isolated group believe in a hereafter, and thirty-seven do not; fifty-four are favorably inclined to their life in the far North, twelve are discontented, and nine are neutral in their attitude. In the entire history of the region, three, and only three, murders have taken place, and there has been no single instance of a person of one race inflicting injury upon one of another.

On the whole, of course, the basic problems of this Arctic community are those which universally prevail, but the smallness and simplicity of the settlement make it a fertile field for sociological study. Mr. Marshall, in recording the facts which exhaustive observation disclosed, has presented a valuable and interesting record.

Stage Business

SINCE IBSEN. By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $1.65.

UNDER a mockingly pretentious title that promises a "statistical historical outline of the popular theatre since 1900," Mr. Nathan has written a witty catalogue of the stock situations, overworked stage business, and other abuses of drama familiar to American and European theatres. Although his foreword confines the lampoons to the popular theatre, the book does not spare our most intelligent plays and playwrights. Among the anonymous personalities, one easily recognizes O'Neill, Barry, Walter Hampden, Lenore Ulric, and Ruth Draper, and the untitled plays include "Berkeley Square," "The House Beautiful," and "Dinner at Eight." The book is an amusing picture of what has amused the masses and tormented the critics and sophisticates for thirty years and more, heartless in its restrained burlesque but not despairing. What theatregoer has not been plagued by "the play in which Lady Gwen Wyncote, sister of the Earl of Drivelington, goes to the rooms of Dwight Sutro, the vulgar but rich fellow in trade, to sacrifice her virginity in order to redeem her brother's debt of honor"? It is a chronicle to be read in short sittings.

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The Owners of America

THE MODERN CORPORATION AND PRIVATE PROPERTY. By ADOLF A. BERLE, JR., and GARDINER C. MEANS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $3.75.

Reviewed by HENRY BRUÈRE

ABOUT six months ago when Mr. Berle and Professor Means published their study of the modern business corporation, particularly in its relation to the investing public, Professor William Z. Ripley told the writer it was "epochal." Having a distaste for epochal books until they are overlaid with a succeeding sociological age, so to speak, I opened the work for the first time a few weeks ago. I was fearful that it would abound in condemnation and predictions but I was happily disappointed. What Professor Ripley said is likely to be true in a double sense. "Modern Corporation and Private Property" steps from the epoch of "it is right because it is legal" from which we rushed into the present welter to the age of "it is legal because it is right" during which we hope to set up a dependable and morally comfortable economy.

The book is the result of a study by the authors sponsored by the Social Science Council of America. Columbia University, which has recently made such brilliant contributions to the national government, "was content to assume the brunt of the research burden." Mr. Berle, the lawyer, and Mr. Means, the economist, combined to write a book more factual than a lawyer's book and more potent and understanding in respect of legal theory and conduct than an economist's discussion of the same subject would be. Let me illustrate this interplay by opening the book where all good books on economic subjects should be opened—not far from the middle. I condense. A corporation director owns property and induces the corporation to buy it at an unfair price without disclosing his ownership. The corporation is damaged. Again, the same director, picking up inside information that his company has "struck oil," before the fact is disclosed to the stockholders, buys from one of them who does not know the news, a block of shares. The news comes out. The stock rises. The director profits. The stockholder grieves. Case one, the director's action is legally and morally wrong. Case two, the director is legally correct but *should* be morally wrong. "At present any fair statement of the law would have to be based on the theory that the fiduciary duties of the director were limited to the corporation." Although the law, as the authors say, has gone to great lengths to insure a clean standard of fidelity, industry, and business sense on the part of management in respect of the management's relation to the corporation, except in a minority of states, the "stockholder as an individual, when coping with his management, must rely on the conscience of the men involved."

The book opens with a review of the growth of the corporation as a form of business organization. Hosts of individuals contribute their wealth to "huge aggregates" and surrender its control to managers and directors. "Princes of industry" rise on these structures. The power of those who control the wealth of others has raised questions of the aims of such power and the distribution of benefits from its exercise.

Two hundred great corporations had two years ago combined assets of eighty billions of dollars or half of the corporate wealth and twenty-two per cent of the total wealth of the country. One corporation controls more wealth than is contained within the borders of twenty-one states. Their activities impinge on nearly every person in the nation. Over half of the growth of the large companies has been made possible by the public offering of additional securities. While industry concentrates stock ownership is dispersed. More and more people own fewer and fewer units of industry. The larger the company the larger the roster of stockholders, including capitalist investors, not only, but consumers and employees as well. With the dispersion of ownership, control has moved in the opposite direction.

Control is something apart from ownership and is also separate from management. The larger the dispersion of ownership the smaller may be the group that, through one of the familiar devices of giving those who have some incentive to seek the power, the means of exercising it. Having conditions under which control is no longer identified with ownership, may we continue to assume, as historically we have assumed, that the aim of management will be to serve the interest of the owner? What, then, are the aims of the policy of control? This is the point of dominant interest in the layman's reading of this coolly analytical discussion of a major problem in American life.

The authors believe that the separation of ownership and control and the strengthening of the powers of control call upon us for a decision whether social and legal pressure should be applied in an effort to insure corporate operation primarily in the interests of the "owners" or whether such pressure shall be applied in the interest of some other or wider group.

For an answer to this question we must

ADOLF A. BERLE, JR.

go beyond the province and logic of the law "to the economic and social background of law."

Tracing the relative positions of ownership and control with respect to the benefits of corporate activity, when such elements are separate, the authors conclude that "neither the claims of ownership nor those of control can stand against the interests of the community." "When a convincing system of community obligations is worked out and is generally acceptable, in that moment the passive property right of today must yield before the larger interests of society." . . . "The law of corporations might well be considered as a potential constitutional law for the new economic state."

The authors do not describe the new economic state. Perhaps they would now be able to add a chapter on what such a state might look like, since a good deal of drift and dreaming has occurred since their book went to press. But whether the new economic state is on its way or not, many of the pages of this book have to do with things as they are and are informing and factual reading for all who are concerned with the relationship of stockholders, managers, bankers, and public to the everyday necessary operations of the corporation as a financial enterprise. Where the law stands with regard to the responsibility of bankers to flotations, where it stands with respect to the duties of management to its body of stockholders, how the stock market serves as a market for securities that must under our system pass from hand to hand, are ably and clearly analyzed in this legal-social treatise. It is a book for investors and corporation managers, lawyers, bankers and that part of the investing public which is willing to take seriously its relation to the enterprise in which it buys stock.

To think clearly about how we can act with reasonable judgment and responsibility in the management of enterprises using large sums of the public's money we must know what these authors tell us. They bring us up to the beginning of these new times into which we are entering. Their teaching, and the discussions pro and con of their findings, should lead to a formulation of policy for legislation and management. One leaves the reading of this book with the impression that society has sought to correct its difficulties by returning again and again to simple principles of conduct which are familiar to all, and that what is needed most is a method of applying these simple principles in the tangle of the relationships of which the modern economic society unavoidably consists. Already the national administration is attempting to clarify some of these rules of procedure in legislation such as the proposed securities bill. But the essential thing is that those who manage enterprises, those who seek to control them, and those who hope to profit from them as stockholders should take a responsible attitude towards their particular relationship to these enterprises. They need to sit down and read this book and then proceed as most men in business wish to do, namely to act according to wisdom and fair play. The book will give them wisdom.

Now that I have written these lines in review of "The Modern Corporation and Private Property," I shall read the book again as all good books setting forth facts and observations to ponder on need to be read again.

Henry Bruère is president of the Bowery Savings Bank of New York.

Federalist History

JOHN MARSHALL IN DIPLOMACY AND IN LAW. By THE LORD CRAIGMYLE. With an Introduction by NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. $1.75.

Reviewed by HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

LORD CRAIGMYLE'S book is in the tradition of Oliver's "Hamilton"; it is inevitable that it should lean heavily on Beveridge's notoriously partisan but masterly biography of Marshall. But Lord Craigmyle's interpretation has the defects of the Beveridge biography without its virtues: we expect a work of art to reveal the eccentricities of the artist, but they are a little ridiculous in a copy. Lord Craigmyle's book is conservative without a philosophy of conservatism, it is partisan without a reasoned logic of partisanship, it is dogmatic without even a pretence of thoroughness, or a hint of accuracy, it is prejudiced without any saving wit or literary grace. The distinguished Scotch jurist is unrestrained in his admiration for Marshall's political philosophy, and he is correspondingly severe in his contempt for Marshall's great opponent Jefferson. The admiration is grounded on an uncritical celebration of Marshall's Federalism and his nationalism, and on a hasty and arbitrary appreciation of a few of his judicial opinions; the peculiar malignancy toward Jefferson is based on a disapproval of what used to be called "Jacobinism" and is supported by an impressive body of misinformation.

Lord Craigmyle's thesis is the not unfamiliar one of the triumph of order and justice over the forces of anarchy and chaos through the instrumentality of Marshall's decisions on the great questions of the relation of the States to the central government and of the sanctity of contract and of property. Every Federalist historian has rendered the same verdict and Lord Craigmyle adds nothing but some irrelevant obiter dicta. Nor does he find it necessary to examine the whole of Marshall's judicial career in order to establish or even to illustrate this thesis: so irresistible, apparently, is its logic that the citation of a few cases suffices. Lord Craigmyle directs his attention, then, to Marbury *v.* Madison, Fletcher *v.* Peck, McCulloch *v.* Maryland, and the Burr trial, and rests his case. Unfortunately the decisions are neither well chosen nor carefully analyzed.

Marbury *v.* Madison became in time a significant precedent, but impartial students have held that it was not good law, and its far reaching social implications escape Lord Craigmyle's attention; Fletcher *v.* Peck may be regarded as an unsuccessful attempt to unscramble bad eggs: it is certainly far less worthy of consideration than the Dartmouth College decision; the importance and power of the McCulloch *v.* Maryland case can scarcely be exaggerated but here Marshall's thunder was not his own, it was borrowed from Hamilton. The Burr trial is in a different category: it was a political trial and involved political principles, and consideration of it might well have given way to decisions of greater constitutional importance. Lord Craigmyle does not re-examine any of these decisions either for their strictly legal or for their larger social bearings, and he entirely ignores the rest of Marshall's judicial career.

Marshall's diplomatic career was confined to his participation in the French mission that is notoriously known as the X. Y. Z. affair, and to this episode Lord Craigmyle devotes a chapter both interesting and informative. Unfortunately here, too, his prejudices discolor and distort his narrative. His reflections on the French Revolution are reminiscent of Burke's, and he makes the X. Y. Z. affair an occasion for moralizing that adds heat rather than light to an understanding of that episode. That Marshall emerged from this trying situation with credit is readily granted: the insistence upon Marshall's virtue and Gerry's worthlessness is uncalled for. Surely integrity was not so rare a virtue among Americans of the Federalist period.

"It is comforting," asserts President Butler in his introduction to this book, "to find a statesman and jurist from another part of the English-speaking world so thoroughly informed of the background of our early political and constitutional history." It is, indeed, but the student can derive but small comfort from a contemplation of Lord Cragmyle's volume. Far from revealing any thorough familiarity with American history of this period, it discovers a most extraordinary superficiality and a distressing inaccuracy of statement. It assumes as truths every controversial principle: the virtue of nationalism, the sanctity of property, the ideal of a judiciary beyond popular control. It prejudges every case and every individual. It is a thoroughly unjudicial performance.

Henry Steele Commager, a professor of history at New York University, is co-author, with S. E. Morison, of "The Growth of the American Republic."

Shelley Biography

THE LIFE OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. With an introduction by HUMBERT WOLFE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1933. 2 volumes.

THESE excellently illustrated volumes contain Hogg's "Life of Shelley," Trelawny's "Recollections of Shelley and Byron," and the "Memoirs of Shelley" by Thomas Love Peacock. They thus bring together the three chief sources of Shelley's life, each dealing chiefly with different phases and the whole making our best first-hand story of the poet. It will be remembered also that each of these biographical studies has its own special literary qualities. To this composite life, the editor, Humbert Wolfe, has added an interesting and valuable preface in which he corrects the misapprehensions as to Shelley's character which might follow particularly from a reading of Hogg's "Life," written down many years after Shelley's death. In this preface he is not content to accept the usual conclusion that Hogg's biography suffers from too much autobiography. He grants that as natural in a book which is itself a work of art. But he challenges Hogg's somewhat malicious delineation of Shelley's character,—the poet's lack of veracity, his philandering, his parental callousness, his boorishness in society—by collating Hogg's own statements and drawing contrary evidence from the other memoirs and the letters. This interesting preface, therefore, serves as a valuable annotation on the Lives that follow, and the whole makes a book which will be welcome in many libraries.

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The Bowling Green

Notes With a Yellow Pen

III. THE OVERLAND LIMITED

THE old Northwestern Station in Chicago, half past nine of a Monday night, the late editions of the evening papers announcing the gradual spread of bankers' frostbite, only a handful of passengers getting aboard the Overland Limited—and a complete sense of incredulity that this was really Me. Travelling with Colatine is one thing, but setting off alone for the unexplored is another. (Everything is unexplored until you adventure it for yourself.) Colatine and I have a private saying that always recurs when we find ourselves in Drawing Room A en route to some destination. It is a memory of a time when I discovered two children playing happily inside a big roll of chicken-wire which had been thrown out in the woods. They were remarkably quiet and cheerful in their restricted circle of mesh and I asked what was happening. "We're two pioneers in a cage," they said. This phrase always gets a laugh out of Colatine about the time the porter adjusts the little table. "Two pioneers in **a cage.**"

But this was different. Only one pioneer. Colatine was going back to New York to make orisons for the March budget. (Beware the Ides of March.) Old Quercus, or whatever he was calling himself at that moment, was to face the trail of the buffalo and the bookseller without benefit of counsel. We celebrated the splitting of this joint infinitive by having dinner served in our room at the Congress. It was lucky I didn't miss the train, for the famous old clocks built into the bedroom walls at the [illegible] peacefully discontinued. I [illegible]d report of the Congress's [illegible]nd wished to try it; pre[illegible] at a publisher's expense. We had sweetbreads.

Only a writer travelling with his publisher knows what it is to be Taken Care Of. With the geniality of a grandparent Colatine saw his charge to the depot. He brought three packages of *Serene* (the only tobacco that never has to buy its advertising.) He bespoke the porter of car 62 (*Sylvan Pass*) to take good care of Lower Six. The porter, a nice dark one, allowed that he had only two passengers in his car and ought to be able to give them service. I think that evening was probably an All-Time Low in railroad traffic. But the good old Overland carried it off with as much ceremony as if it had been happy days. Old Sir Kenelm (or whoever it was; I hardly recognize him now, he seems a mirage) stood somewhat speechless on the observation platform. The train pulled out at 9:35 as ordained; Colatine waved his hat.

⁂ ⁂

Lower Six woke up near Carroll, Iowa. A calm frosty morning of clear sweet air (February 28). There were fields of corn; a creamery sending smoke straight upward into stillness; a farm wagon with two black horses clopping comfortably along; a red barn. Hastily Lower Six consulted the map which he had put carefully in the net hammock. Yes, it was his farthest West—beyond the longitude of Minneapolis, his previous ultimate. The country instantly suggested paintings by Grant Wood. He saw with regret that he had passed through Cedar Rapids, where that fine artist lives, in sleep. He would have liked to pay tribute to him. He thought, with some embarrassment, that up to now he had always considered Chicago Pretty Far West. He realized now that things hardly begin until you get beyond Omaha, where the Union Pacific map folds in the middle. (Just at Fremont, to be precise.)

What a pity the monstrous thrill of seeing things for the first time can only happen once. On this perilous journey, he said to himself, and without the level-headed Colatine, I better be careful of drink, debt, and diet. Reflecting on the sweetbreads he ordered prunes for breakfast. There is perhaps a sort of shamefulness in sitting so comfortably in a dining-car looking out on the Overland Trail which was beaten through in furious toil and danger. The Omaha *News-Bee* lay on the breakfast table. He noticed that the active Bee sucked a good deal of honey from Eastern flowers: he thought it a pity (as in all provincial papers) that so many features are syndicated from New York instead of developing stunts of their own. I should like to escape New York columnists when I go West. But this is less and less possible; newspapers now grow in links, like sausages or grocery stores. "Man, born free, is everywhere in chains." But the "born free" is a wild assumption. Did you ever see anyone born free—or who even wanted to be free? I never saw one.

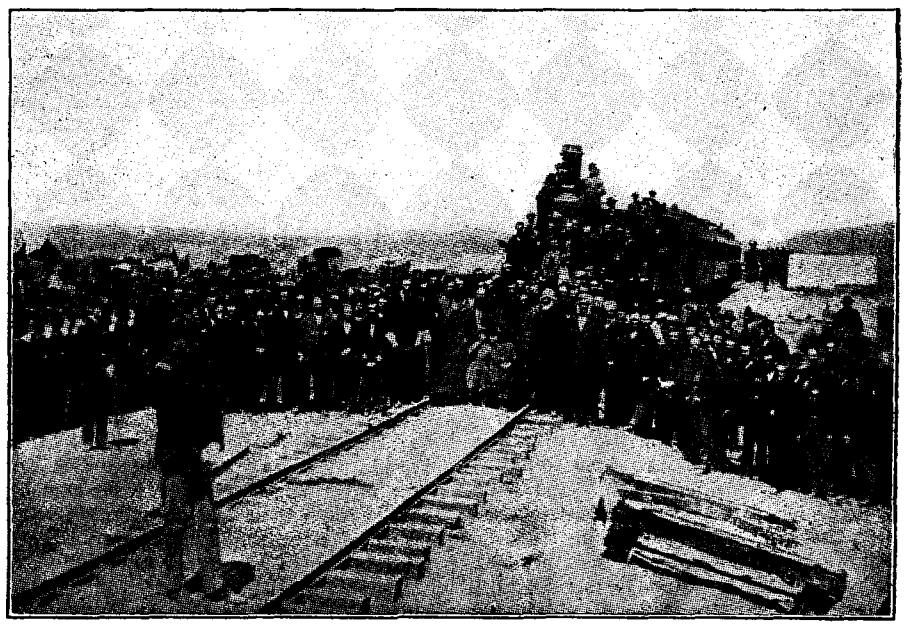
The *News-Bee* that morning mentioned the testimony of financiers questioned by a Senate committee in the matter of Peruvian bonds. This interested me because it was one of those Peruvian experts, an old crony, who always used to reproach me for entering upon literature as a profession. It was a sordid game, he insisted, full of log-rolling and chicane; why not adopt a career of genuine altruism and public weal, such as investment banking. My mind was partly occupied with a vague awareness of the complexity of living and partly in a disappointment that prunes in a diner have less sweetness than at home. At that moment we reached a station called Missouri Valley where a fine ancient shack, still labelled *Eating House*, is now used as freight depot. It brought me back to reality. Oldtimers must have been grateful for many a good solid meal in that shed; and were not finicky. Perhaps even Robert Louis Stevenson (didn't he travel Union Pacific?) may have eaten there.

I resumed the first person singular, a few lines above, because the chief merit of any kind of reporting is to put down, without too much trimming, the actual notions that come unbidden to the mind. I was a bit ashamed to find myself so spoiled as to criticize the prunes; but an old family man is always a connoisseur of that staple. Even the buffalo and the Mormon made the trip as pleasant for themselves as they knew how. The Overland Trail, says the Union Pacific folder, was "selected originally by the instinct that guides wild animals in their choice of easy grades."—And immediately after breakfast we were running past the many railroad sidings and ice-houses of Council Bluffs. The name always suggested to me a solitary Indian sitting on horseback looking for signal smoke over the wide plain. What one sees now is a man in overalls braking a string of refrigerator cars. Denying the solicitations of romance I prefer the latter. And there you cross the Big Muddy and begin to feel you're getting somewhere.

⁂ ⁂

When I was ten years old I was given a book called *The Treasure of Mushroom Rock*, by Sidford F. Hamp. It was a story written for boys, in which a couple of youths got into some trouble, ran away from their home in England, and took the Overland Route as far as Ogden. They always heard that town mentioned together with its State, so that they believed its full name was Ogdeninutah. They had great adventures in the Rocky Mountains, the chief of which was tying a bloodstained handkerchief round a lantern and so flagging the Overland Limited to prevent its being wrecked by desperadoes. This book made a strong impression on me—indeed some seventeen years later, when I was working for a publisher, I wrote to Mr. Hamp to ask if he was writing any more books for boys. I got a friendly letter from him, and still think that his autograph is one of the few most worth cherishing. From that day in May 1900 I had always hoped that if I ever went West I might go in the Overland. Imagine my pleasure to notice, in the Union Pacific ticket office in Chicago, that the agent always referred to "Ogdeninutah," all one word. Evidently it's a tradition.

So there was a special satisfaction to step out into the station at Omaha, the headquarters of the Union Pacific System—where, seventy years ago next December, ground was first broken for the transcontinental track. They'd have been surprised to foresee the new Omaha station. It's more like a cathedral than a railroad station. By some tinge of glass the great waiting-room is filled in daytime with a soft mauve or gentian-colored light. At night the whole building is floodlighted from the wide plaza outside. I was pleased with the carvings on the outer façade. They are not genteel classic figures, mythical gods and goddesses, but strong outlines of the men who do the work—an engineer with a long-spouted oilcan, a trackman with a sledge; both wearing the typical peaked cap. A quotation from Abraham Lincoln—presumably from his message which sponsored the Union Pacific construction—is cut over the doorway. Abe would have liked those carvings.



THE ENGINES MEET—UNION PACIFIC, MAY 10, 1869.

The ecclesiastical feeling of the station was increased by the echoing solemnity of the gate-man calling the trains. "*Union—Pacific—Going—West,*" he was intoning. The sound rolled and lingered round the great hall; the cry of a high priest before the altar of Transportation. C. H. W., who had very kindly come down to the station to be sure I had a pleasant impression, said that Omaha is famous for these incantations. "You should hear a hog-caller," she said. Another surprise was to meet a newspaper reporter who was an old Rhodes Scholar. He wanted to know what was on my mind; I am sorry to say that all I could think of was that I had once thought of writing a story called *From Alfalfa to Omaha.*

⁂ ⁂

The Pullman conductor, Mr. Leonard Peake—but he prefers to be known as "Uncle Walt"—had kindly allowed me to use Drawing Room A as a study, so again there was a pioneer in a cage. A very snug and sunny cage, where I spread out books and papers. But I was too much interested in staring at the width of Nebraska to do consecutive reading. Others were more studious than I. Car 64 was the highbrow one: there was one gentleman continuously intent upon *Quantum Mechanics* by Dirac; another reading T. E. Shaw's *Odyssey* (both Oxford Press books). I also had an Oxford volume with me, a fat one-volume Shakespeare, but I kept looking up from *The Tempest* to see if Nebraska had changed. It hadn't. After viewing those vast platitudes all day, one understands some of her statesmen better. I was thinking that if *The Tempest* were published in *Liberty* they would probably say, "Reading Time 35 Minutes," but it would be an under-estimate. Mr. W. S. Basinger, passenger traffic manager in Omaha, had given me a copy of J. R. Perkins's *Trails, Rails and War*, the life of General Dodge, the great railroad engineer who put through the Union Pacific against both hostile Indians and financial rivalries. I dipped into it with much interest and was fascinated by the description of the race between Central Pacific and Union Pacific, ending when the two lines of track met at Promontory Point, Utah, on May 10, 1869. It was extraordinary to reflect that when my father was a boy, General Dodge and his men were still fighting Indians to put the railroad through. I was sorry to learn that (since the great cut-off was built across Salt Lake) the main line no longer passes the spot where the tracks were joined with a golden spike and the two engines met head on. The rival railroad presidents met head on also, and the champagne in Leland Stanford's private car had to be uncorked in a hurry to avert bickering. I should have liked to pass over that place. I hope they still salute it with a whistle blast. Mr. Perkins quotes Bret Harte's poem—

What was it the engines said,
Pilots touching, head to head,
Facing on a single track,
Half a world behind each back?

⁂ ⁂

The train goes on through Nebraska with a pleasant even rumble; not very fast, for you are beginning the long gradual climb that rises 7,000 feet between Omaha and Sherman (Wyoming). The sun was brilliant over those plains, which keep drawing the eye away from a book. The map and the time table were enough to keep me happy. I found myself humming a doggerel ballad I had not thought of for years—"Shy Ann, Shy Ann, hop on my pony"—suggested of course by seeing Cheyenne on the map. But even so far away, I observed, Oxford still had set her mark on the plains. There was the Rhodes Scholar at Omaha; at least three Oxford Press books among sixteen Pullman passengers; and at Columbus, Nebraska, right behind the station, I observed the *Oxford Café, Good Food.* And about this time Mr. Peake dropped in for the first of our several chats.

I pay affectionate homage to Mr. Peake, who did so much to make my solitary journey delightful. The five stripes on his sleeve show that he has been with the Pullman Company twenty-five years. Naturally he is proud of being on one of the world's most famous trains, but like us all, he has a tender spot in his memory for one particular run he used to make. That was the Fisherman's Special, leaving Chicago Friday nights to catch Milwaukee, Fond du Lac, Clintonville, Pelican, Three Lakes, Clearwater, Eagle River, Land o' Lakes, up to Watersmeet. That train was like a club, or a family; all the boys knew each other, and they were out for a good time. And they all knew Mr. Peake and called him Uncle Walt—I wonder if the nickname had anything to do with Isaac Walton? We got out the map and Uncle Walt showed me exactly where the Fishermen's Special went and what time it arrived at each stop.

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Points of View

Letters are welcomed, but those discussing reviews will be favored for publication if limited to 200 words.

At War in 1913

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: In a recent number Mr. Upton Sinclair, apropos of a review of his book on William Fox says, referring to the late J. P. Morgan: "The elder Morgan acted from many motives in the course of his life . . . including the time when he brought the United States into the World War to protect his bonds." The elder J. P. Morgan died in Rome in March 1913. As Mr. Sinclair says elsewhere in his letter:

"The elder Pierpont Morgan is dead and can no longer avail himself of his legal rights." In other words, it may be perfectly safe to slander him.

MAURICE LÉON.

Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Distributing God's Plenty

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: I don't think you need to apologize for what you term your "perhaps too literary intelligence" in your recent remarks on Economics in 1933 which included a paragraph on the Social Credit theory of Major Douglas. Why not call it "consumer's intelligence" which perceives that the first economic problem today is the distribution of Plenty and the way thereto the lowering of price and the expansion of purchasing-power? One must think along two lines about these proposals, first, about a desirable democratic financial policy, and, second, about a scientific technique for translating the policy into facts. On policy I fancy that most literary people would immediately agree with Major Douglas. In his first book, published after the War of 1914-1918, he declared that systems were made for men, not men for systems, and as values he took Leisure, Liberty, and Culture. A financial policy of encouraging consumption in order to remove restrictions on production would, he claims, distribute Leisure, increase Liberty, and create a favorable situation for a Revival of Culture. The Douglas technique requires considerable study before it can be understood, but so do the technical aspects of present-day finance. Great progress, however, has been made in translating financial technique, orthodox and heterodox, into the non-technical speech of the world. Maurice Colbourne's "Unemployment or War" (Coward-McCann) is a happy illustration of this progress.

GORHAM MUNSON.

New York City.

Miss West's Candy

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: Rebecca West is quite clear sighted in her Charlotte Brontë article in your November 5 issue, but she is not clear sighted enough. I think I know how she reached her conclusions. She found Charlotte Brontë sentimental, but at the same time was delighted to discover that here was a sentimental writer she could read and not be ashamed to own up to liking. She could say, "Yes, her books are naive but they have some splendid points," and of course no one would accuse Miss West of preferring the sentimental parts.

But I think she does like sentimental things. Apologizing for the Brontë imperfections, she says: "But she will inspire and console those who realize that art is a spiritual process committed to imperfection by the flesh, which is its medium; that though there are artists who seem to transcend the limitations of that medium . . . they are rare as saints . . ." Now that, I maintain, is rank sentimentalism and very naive. I ask Miss West if she remembers being a little girl and thinking how much of a nuisance her parents were, without whom she could have eaten all the candy her little heart desired; entirely overlooking, as little girls do, that without her parents she could have had no candy whatever and in fact would not even have been in a world where candy was to be found. If she remembers this, she will know why she has the habit of thinking that people are struggling against "imperfections of the flesh" and that these imperfections alone prevent them from bursting forth into immediate fulfilment and a "mastery of experience." And if she remember this, she will decide that, being grown up now, she will leave behind ideas she had when she was a little girl; and when she writes about Charlotte Brontë she will not blame that writer's faults on her environment but on her lack of artistic judgment. This is much more likely to be correct. J. G. EDMONDS.

New York.

Drunk on Clichés

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: Many hackneyed words and phrases should have a prolonged vacation. Among the obviously overworked specimens are, "dynamic," "depression," "pussyfooting," "colorful," "contact" (verb), "intrigued," "gorgeous," "piffle," "stress," "ballyhoo," "awful," "flop" (noun), "hectic," "marvelous," "outstanding," "Oh, yeah," "and the like." "On the one hand," "if I may say so," our language, "as a rule," is "in a bad way," "so to speak," because those with an "inferiority complex," talk "to little or no purpose," and do "irreparable harm," "beat the air," in "a vain attempt" to "weather the storm," while we are "beset with difficulties," "for hours on end," and "drift with the tide," or "pursue a wild goose chase," "as the case may be," "with no uncertain voice," in "a vain endeavor," to "shuffle the cards," "take the lead," "with a pinch of snuff," and "see which way the wind blows," "if the worse comes to worst," while we "cast pearls before swine," or "stoop to conquer," and "in letters of gold," "lay stress on," the "nine days' wonder" which we all "have at heart." GRENVILLE KLEISER.

New York City.

Coöperative Book Selling

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: I suggest that the book stores should be run by a coöperative society formed by the book publishers. A fund should be established. The percentage which any publisher contributes to the total should be his relation to every angle of the management. If he contributes ten per cent he should have ten per cent of the store's advertising, ten per cent of its space, ten per cent of its expenses, etc. I suggest that small warehouses be established at commanding points and the book publisher be allotted a certain portion of the warehouse in which to stock any of his own books which he chooses. The bookstores are to be divided into nooks, each bearing the publisher's name. Thus samples of all the Harper books would be found in one nook, arranged therein in proper categories, but totally separate from the other nooks. By having samples on the shelves, the store need occupy a much smaller space in the heart of the city where the rent is high, yet by sending at once to the warehouse (situated in a low rent district) the store can supply the book the customer wants without his waiting. FRANCES STEVENS.

Detroit, Mich.

A Rave for Stella

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: How I want to be articulate about Stella Benson! I want to shout from the housetops that "The Faraway Bride" is the most delicious book I've ever read. Divine Stella whose very hens have personality. Stella who is affectionate toward her characters even while she deliciously mocks them, whose people charm and exasperate in turn like members of one's own family. I wish I knew all the Stella Benson lovers in the world. I can't imagine a Stella enthusiast I could dislike.

P. W.

Bensonhurst, L. I.

In Memory of Bourne

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: From time to time a mention of him in magazine or book shows that the memory of the late Randolph Bourne, critic and publicist, lives on. In his brief career he was very much an exemplar of the American intellectual, who, if he does not expatriate himself and does not consent to sell out to a political or social group or even theory, is likely to sit at a cold hearth. I have for some time wanted to write a book about Bourne and his period and would be very grateful to friends or acquaintances of his who would share with me their recollections of him. Letters should be addressed to me at 48 Spruce Street, Bloomfield, N. J.

DOROTHY TEALL.

Bloomfield, N. J.

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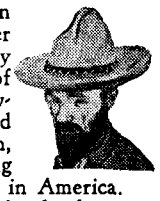

says Alfred Stieglitz, in describing his feelings after reading this unusually frank, dual biography of the famous D. H. Lawrence, and his close friend and intimate companion, Dorothy Brett, depicting their four years together in America. "There is integrity in the book—a sense of light—a sense of the eternal." We recommend it to all serious students of life. 13 *illustrations.*

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Fiction

LONG LOST FATHER. By G. B. STERN. Knopf. 1933. $2.

Miss Stern here offers a pleasant moral tale that will eventually make a more pleasant moral movie. The pleasure to be derived will be found in the generally competent wit with which she outlines the story of Carl Bellairs, manager of the swank Tipstaff Restaurant, and how he becomes reinvolved in love affairs he thought long dead, all because his impertinent young daughter reappeared from a dead past to bring confusion to his carefully stage-managed life. Before the novel has run its course, it becomes painfully apparent to the fascinating Carl Bellairs that he cannot escape the common lot of all fathers since the world began: the inherent sense of responsibility for the safety and happiness of his offspring. And therein lies the moral. Clive Brook should make an excellent Carl Bellairs.

OLD CHICAGO: By MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY. I. THE FORT; II. THE DUEL; III. DEBT OF HONOR; IV. METROPOLIS. Appleton. 1933. 4 vols. $5.

This is a brilliant performance, although, as a whole, something of a *tour de force*. It is the fourth in the publishers' series of "Old City Fiction" which began with Mrs. Wharton's "Old New York." Mrs. Bradley has chosen to give dramatic, episodic glimpses of Chicago life at various periods rather than to attempt a consecutive, developmental portrayal. This method makes for vividness, and, indeed, to treat the subject after the manner of a "Forsyte Saga" many more and larger volumes would be necessary. The historical background is carefully accurate, based on painstaking research, but always finely colorful. It remains, however, chiefly stage setting. Interest, especially in the second and third volumes, centres upon the stories themselves; poignant, ·d soul tragedies, carried dramatic power and fine nsight, but detachable, so ıt have been staged anywhere.

The first volume is an animated history of the massacre that followed the evacuation of Fort Dearborn in 1815, told with relentless detail of horrors. The second, "The Duel," dated in 1835, is the story of a bride w ho fell in love on her honeymoon with a man very unlike her husband. The third, "Debt of Honor," is based upon jealousy between two sisters, dated from 1858 onward; this is much the best of the series. The last volume, "Metropolis," has more of the life of the city in it, ranging from 1865 to 1893.

STORM OVER THE RUHR. Translated from the German of HANS MARCHWITZA. International Publishers. 1933. $1.50.

This "proletarian novel" scarcely survives the sea crossing and even in Germany its audience must have been comparatively limited. It is a literal account, in fictional form, of the fighting and wrangling that went on in the Ruhr district during the general strike and proletarian uprising of 1920. Most of the story is told in dialogue, and there is little or no attempt to make clear to the uninitiated reader the character and significance of the various groups and individuals concerned. Something like an American equivalent would be a fictional story of West Virginia coal mine troubles, for instance, told from the point of view of the miners, with no effort to put into generally understandable human terms the personalities or issues on either side. The general reader will get just about as much out of it as he would out of reading a detached newspaper report of certain actual happenings in the midst of a labor dispute, with the nature, genesis, and progress of which he was unacquainted.

SUPERSTITION. By STEPHEN MCKENNA. Houghton Mifflin. 1933. $2.

Mr. McKenna is a skilled craftsman, a novelist of experience: much of the detail of this book is effective, but, as a whole, it will add nothing to his reputation. Treated differently, as a novelette or long "short story" involving a single problem, the theme could have been made impressive, — by a Maupassant. Expanded to a longish book it is spread so thin that it becomes hard reading. That theme is the validity of a curse, the problem being whether the ensuing tragedies were "coincidence," or something supernatural. The attitude of the narrator, a doctor (and of the author), is outwardly vacillating; neither "scientific" and sceptical nor fully that of a believer in the supernatural; but, actually, it is that of one who thinks "there is something in it." The final episode is definitely "unorthodox." The history of Harry Chiseldon, the doctor remarks, "would begin with an incredible hypothesis and end with an unanswered note of interrogation." In fact, it does, but the reader is left rather unimpressed.

PRIVATE PRACTICE. By A. L. FURMAN. Macaulay. 1933. $2.

After years of holding a minor and respectable place in fiction, the medical profession, with its aids of nurses and internes, has suddenly leaped into notoriety in such sensational works as "Women's Doctor," "Night Nurse," "The Interne," and other novels equally specific in title. "Private Practice" belongs precisely in this group. It deals in a fairly lurid manner with the temptations that assail a young physician when first setting out for himself. These temptations include amorous females, commission-taking bootleggers, capitalist employers, dishonest insurance companies, illegal practice, and other profit-promising misbehavior. The doctor in question becomes entangled for a time in the multifarious toils that threaten his novitiate, but in the end a wife and child and good intentions have extricated him to a sufficient extent to make possible a more cautious and probably happier future. While the book seems frankly intended for sensationalism in its treatment of the doctor's personal career, it does touch sincerity when it is dealing with the labor difficulties that have a major place in the story.

FIRST LESSON. By JAMES ASTON. Knopf. 1933. $2.

The plan of Mr. Aston's new novel is simple and effective, relying mainly on the old dramatic principle that when two widely differing forces meet, action is bound to result. Certainly few more perfect examples of dissimilarity could be found than his Cambridge Don on holiday, and the young Italian girl who is the object of his romantic yearnings. Breaking away from academic life for the first time, Mr. Belfry is dazed by Naples, and glad to escape to the comparative quiet of Capri, where in due time his romance, in the form of a waitress named Beatrice, comes to him. A series of untoward but extremely amusing events having made Capri far from congenial, he finally persuades her to fly with him by night. The flight is not accomplished without difficulties, since it takes place in a rowboat, rowed by Mr. Belfry himself, in a choppy sea, yet eventually the pair succeed in reaching Anfitrano, where an existence of mingled bliss and acute discomfort begins. The place is inhabited by a population of mixed polyglot origins, all of whom are engagingly insane. The professorial trials and tribulations in this weird but far from unreal atmosphere make up the rest of the book, which as a whole is a notable, though rowdy and impolite, addition to the works of the very considerable school of British novelists writing about Capri and its environs, of which Mr. Norman Douglas is dean and Mr. Compton Mackenzie the most distinguished disciple.

Mr. Aston brings to his work something of the cold logic and unpleasant tendency to see things through to the bitter end which is characteristic of Mr. Aldous Huxley, but with an added farcical quality of his own. "First Lesson" is, in fact, an uncomfortably accurate picture of the Anglo-Saxon male in the throes of passion, beaten, of course, before he begins to struggle, by the Latin's calm acceptance of it all as a perfectly natural and not very important affair, quite in the day's run. The author writes well, and is accomplished in his creation and justification of odd incidental characters. His new book is on the whole better than "They Winter Abroad," since it is unified in plot and more interesting in detail, and possesses as well a particular sort of bawdy humor which some people may consider offensive, but which the majority will approve. "First Lesson" is astringent and very funny.

MADAME MAILLART. By CLAUDE AVELINE. Dutton. 1933. $2.35.

It is not M. Claude Aveline's fault that the matter of his novel, now issued in an English translation by Hamish Miles, has been so exhaustively treated by a German contemporary that little is left for him to say on the subject, which is life in a tuberculosis sanitarium. Yet one might wish that he had chosen some scene less productive of dangerous comparisons for his otherwise admirable narrative. His people, for instance, would be equally at home in a great hotel, an ocean liner, or a country house,—anywhere, in fact, preserving certain of the dramatic unities so fashionable these past few seasons.

For the rest, M. Aveline's ability as a creator of character and his talents as a psychologist are decidedly above the level of modern French fiction. A disciple of the philosopher who calls himself Alain, he has been able to break away from many of the conventionalities which have so long hobbled the Gallic "problem" novel, and has introduced a deeper note into his analyses of the supposedly fatal passion. Although in "Madame Maillart" his principal situation is the familiar one of an aging woman in love with a boy of twenty, who in turn is in love with a charming young girl of his own generation, he manages to keep the story of the trio both in detail and as a whole far from the patterns laid down by the great masters of the last century, which were subsequently devitalized by such writers as Henry Bordeaux and Marcel Prévost. Most remarkable of all in a novel of this sort, there is no "affair" between Mme. Maillart and Pierre Denis, nor between the latter and Mlle. de Charmes. A few years ago such an innovation might have made M. Aveline famous; today it at least makes his book conspicuous among its fellows.

These three people, held together temporarily by the life at Chevrières, find themselves parted as much by their own lack of volition as by the force of circumstances when they regain the outside

(*Continued on next page*)

What One American Woman found in

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[*An Actual Letter*]

DEAR————,

Let me—just *let* me, talk about AS THE EARTH TURNS. I thank you for it. Reading it is an experience as full and vivid as living a whole life. I read it all one day when I was alone in the house and it was so moving that I laid it aside periodically and walked the floor, walked out doors to smell and see the world through new eyes and to be conscious afresh of the very sensation of *living*.

It made such simple things as food and warmth and fireside, sleep and waking, loving and being born, serving and sacrifice, passionate and beautiful. It has the warmth of fresh milk, sweet and homely, of the breath of cows, the freshness of dew and apple blossoms of the warm color of country women's faces as they work in fields. It is filled with starlight, with firelight, with snow and rain and dawn and darkness that is pregnant with living.

It is the book most filled with living . . . one of the grandest books in years. It had such feeling for me that I had to stop in the middle of it to make doughnuts and then couldn't wait till Jimmy came home to eat them!

His warm, loving little body and his little square, grimy hands became even more adorable because I was still warm with the enveloping warmth of Jen. She is the most maternal creature I know in a book. To read about her is to meet the kind of a girl that one would like to have for a friend—steady and deeply loyal, tender and tolerant, maternal, yet clear headed and finely independent. She is a masterpiece. I felt as though I had known her personally and regretted, when I closed the book, that I should never be able to see her in new aspects.

I could not help thinking of Willa Cather as I read this, particularly of the first half of The Song of the Lark. There is the same brooding, tolerant quality in the writing and the "Cather" atmosphere is furthered by the introduction of the Poles, their music and their kindly humbleness. I think Mrs. Carroll's art consummate.

Sincerely,

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By Arthur Pound $2.50 SEARS

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

world. Mme. Maillart's tragedy is logical and not exaggerated, save perhaps in certain details regarding her appearance, while that of the young people is the inevitable one produced by family opposition and differences of caste. M. Aveline, if not always moving, is at least sincere and straightforward about all this, and his descriptions of the other inhabitants of Chevrières and their doings is equally authentic, if quite lacking in the weird and macabre element which Thomas Mann has exploited so well. M. Aveline's sanitarium, in fact, seems quite a pleasant place in which to rest, to carry on a few amusing intrigues, and from which one eventually sallies forth cured—or dead. Surely a summer hotel would have served the purpose as well, and would have saved M. Aveline from the overwhelming shadow of "The Magic Mountain."

WHEAT WOMEN. By NARD JONES. Duffield & Green. 1933. $2.

In its span of time and thought and frequently also in its execution this is a novel of large scope and sincere purpose. The author, evidently knowing well both the past and present of his background and feeling genuinely the power of his subject—its social meanings and its imaginative possibilities—has brought over to his readers a sense of this sincerity. He has not, however, in all of his subject matter sustained an evenly high level, and a sense of continuing power is inevitably lost.

The first section of the book deals with the pioneers and their long battle with difficult travel, cruel Indian warfare, and painful conditions of life. The author's first portrait is of a woman who for a time survives all this and helps a hard, dour husband to put down the first struggling roots of a ranch home. In the second section the roots go deep and the son of that first Lynch becomes a successful wheat grower,—to such an extent that another woman is sacrificed to this huge agricultural industry that has grown up. Cora is starved body and soul, worked out; but still without rebellion.

Her successor, the young, unscrupulous girl who comes as helper and nurse to the disabled Cora and easily carries out her plan of staying on as a second wife to the aging Todd Lynch, introduces a different note. Todd in his infatuation endures patiently the results of allowing Julie a free hand, and we have a long section of the book devoted to the crude social routine of a young Western town and to a melodramatic and conventional story of an unscrupulous woman's indulgence both of her social ambition and of her personal love-affair — with its sordid aftermath. Here the book seems to grow away from its higher levels and—in the greater length of this part—from a successful literary balance of values.

There is a return to power in the final section in which, after an Eastern education, Todd's son—the third Lynch in the story—feels the call of what his forebears have built up in the West and returns to carry on the ranch—with modern machinery and a loyal wife. In John his father finds the outlet and protection for his old age, and he gathers strength for a final terrible rebellion, turning upon Julie with a revenge that is both physical and spiritual. Exhausted, he falls back in his own dimming faculties to the earlier days which, in spite of struggle and toil, had been simpler and happier. There is true narrative power in these closing chapters with the rushing events which they describe. And the reader feels that the machinery of the story is again moving more freely and spontaneously. The style of the book throughout is a little monotonous: short sentences almost unrelieved in terseness, though frequently appropriate to the feeling back of them. In spite of an incomplete achievement of purpose there is much of interest to be found in this truly American book.

THUNDER WITHOUT RAIN. By CLIFTON CUTHBERT. William Godwin. 1933. $2.50.

The trouble with the usual psychopathic novel is that it belongs to the field of the doctor or technical psychologist rather than to that of humane literature. That cannot be said of Mr. Cuthbert's second novel, any more than it could be said of Faulkner's work. The subject matter is pathological enough—incest and sexual perversions—but the theme rises above its source and becomes dire human tragedy, with something of inexorable quality of a Greek drama. For the root of the tragedy here lies in the Christian sense of sin and of evil as a superhuman force that has taken possession of its victims and can only be exercised or overcome by sacrifice.

The scene is laid in a Boston slum. The book revolves about the sins of Peter, a boy of twenty, and his seventeen year old sister, and the effect upon the lives of both of their early incestuous relationship. Peter, destined for the priesthood, escapes, serenely enough, to his Seminary where he expects to find purgation and sanctification. He has been able to go to confession, but Mary is left under the burden of sin. "She was one branded," she felt, "whose mark would forever glare forth in any crowd . . . and in her the voice rang: *'Unclean, Unclean!'* "

The narrative sweeps on through her progressive degeneration, culminating in a murder. She finds safe refuge in a house of prostitution where she remains more than a year before going to rejoin her brother, who is now a priest. The climax comes in a tremendous scene in which he kills her before the altar of his church. Throughout Mr. Cuthbert keeps his difficult and dangerous material well in hand, though the first part is perhaps overextended, with some repetition. He exhibits both subtlety of conception and dramatic power.

MRS. VAN KLEEK. By ELINOR MORDAUNT. Day. 1933. $2.50.

Elinor Mordaunt has a story to tell in this book, and she tells it rapidly against the bright, hard background of its tropical setting. Where the sun and time seem scarcely to move from one day to the next, the passions and fears of men and women who do not belong to this exotic backwater whirl up and break with alien swiftness. In such surroundings, in a little out-of-the-way port where people come only after other places have pushed them on, Mrs. Van Kleek runs a hotel. She is an old woman when the story opens. She smokes cigars and keeps in her hotel a few girls for the entertainment of trusted guests. There is hardly a port in the South Pacific islands where Irene Van Kleek's name is unknown, for she has lived her adventurous life in the East, has won notoriety, almost fame, there, has known men and their ways, and has had from them, from "men's love," most of the things that are supposed to count—"money, possessions, movement, and glamor." So now she can lead her quiet existence as proprietress of her hotel, voluntarily retired from action.

But action overtakes her. The runaway wife of a too missionarily inclined missionary comes to her for protection, and love and hate and death suddenly swirl up around Mrs. Van Kleek's hotel. As the story depends for its effectiveness upon suspense, it would hardly be fair to reveal the plot. Several people are caught and tossed in its eddies, but it is Mrs. Van Kleek, beyond youth, beyond passion, who dominates the book.

Mrs. Mordaunt has pruned her story severely. There is in it none of the loose, local-color sentimentality that so often swamps authors out to tell of the "spell of the tropics" on Northerners. The characterization is clear in outline and individual in content. The background stays in its place, and the story runs along its eventful course with a directness that holds the interest close.

History

MEXICO BEFORE CORTEZ. By J. E. THOMPSON. Scribners. 1933. $2.50.

Cortes, Bernal Diaz, and many of the other Spanish conquistadores have left colorful and spectacular accounts of what they saw when they conquered the Aztec nation. These show a people well along towards civilization in spite of jealous gods demanding human sacrifice. Montezuma was well on his way to becoming an absolute monarch with all the pomp and power at the time of the arrival of the Spaniards. Mr. Thompson has admirably told the story of this native American culture. After giving a short historical outline founded on the archæological evidence, he describes the life of the individual native, his arts and crafts, his social and religious life. The elaborate religion and calendar kept alive by a vigorous and highly powerful priesthood is depicted in some detail. Astronomers, soothsayers, and magicians all have their part to play in this religious hierarchy. The rich background of this life of the Aztecs is illustrated both by archæological specimens and by scenes taken from the numerous codices or manuscripts. It is almost possible, indeed, to illustrate the entire history and customs of this people by using the manuscripts alone.

Mr. Thompson comes out squarely against a revival of the "old wild theories that claim Atlantis or a sunken continent of the Pacific as the source of American civilization." He ends his book by saying, "There will never be any serious question that the great bulk of native culture of the New World should be stamped 'Made in America.' "

LESSONS OF A LIFETIME. By LORD BADEN-POWELL. Holt. 1933. $2.85.

Every one is more or less familiar with Baden-Powell's distinction as the organizer of the Boy Scouts, and many will remember him as the defender of Mafeking in the Boer War. But probably few are aware of the diversity of his experiences before he became a figure of worldwide familiarity. As he notes himself, he led two quite distinct lives: the first as a soldier in which he rose "to the top of the tree" in his branch of the service, retiring as Lieutenant-general at the early age of fifty, and a second incarnation as the "pacifist" and developer of the Scout movement.

His biography is an amiable production, filled with cheery anecdote and pleasant meditation. It is not a formal Life, but rather a bird's-eye view of reminiscences of various activities. It is not over-moralized despite its title, and it makes highly interesting reading.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT. By DONALD BARR CHIDSEY. Harper. 1932. $3.50.

It used to be the stock defense of cheap journalism that it was necessary to "reflect" the opinions and the moods of the common people. The idea seemed to be that by a system of mutual degradation, press and public would reciprocally accelerate each another's descent into the sunless sea of imbecility and ignorance. Only in recent years have we seen a similar change in the world of books. Modern publishing has so many virtues, when compared with the bad old times of the Victorian era, that it may seem ungracious to suggest that there is any room for improvement. But it must be laid down as a basic law of publishing that it can be too up-to-date to be healthy. Fashions in news, in clothes, and in slang change so rapidly that a book having any pretence to permanence must of necessity lag behind in the procession.

These introductory remarks are inspired by the publisher's announcement on the present volume that Sir Humphrey Gilbert was "Elizabeth's Racketeer." It must be confessed that this is also the author's view. It is so much his view that he presents a somewhat distorted picture of Elizabethan England. He is, however, in the fashion, which is to make startling statements and to present unexpected analogies. It may be necessary to strain the meanings of words, but at all costs the reader must be jolted into a semblance of interest. And the anomaly of describing a nobleman as the racketeer of his own lawful sovereign is justified on the grounds that the public taste is so jaded that even history must be "pepped up" to attract attention.

The difficulty facing the reviewer of "Sir Humphrey Gilbert," however, is to imagine just what kind of public Mr. Chidsey envisaged when he set his hand to his task. It is a difficulty because whereas only a reader of reasonable literacy will have any interest in Gilbert, only an entirely illiterate person could take any joy in Mr. Chidsey's journalistic style. There are many errors in spelling, which editing would have eliminated, such as *gemudlich* for *gemütlich*, quarterlings for quarterings, marascite for marcasite, and Lady Jane Gray for Lady Jane Grey. The habitual reader of histories will wince, but he will condone. His objections will harden, however, when he discovers that Mr. Chidsey's idea of telling Sir Humphrey Gilbert's story is to combine the slipshod English of a second-rate journalist with the breezy manner of a High Church curate at a Sunday school outing. Mr. Chidsey is in such a hurry to make his story vivid that he does a little racketeering himself in English. His use of the word "ascension" instead of "accession," meaning the ascent of the throne, is almost a psychosis, and the phrase "blooded his maiden sword" will be forever precious to this grateful reviewer.

When Lytton Strachey died he was described by those who reflect the short memories of the public as the inventor of a new and better biographical method,

(*Continued on page* 596)

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

New Era

I HAVEN'T been trying to avoid you by hiding here on an inside page! And you've probably been informed by Mr. Quercus, on the last page, that the *Nest* has now permanently moved its location. This readjustment means that "The Phœnician" has at last come out into the open, dropped his *nom-de-plume*, and also will cease to purvey book news. This department, or whatever you may call it, will hereafter be devoted, for the most part, to *causerie*, and will include "Round about Parnassus" at those times when the merit of the books of poetry received seems to warrant it.

All of which does not mean that I wish to forego the pleasant relationship I flatter myself I have established with various contributors. From time to time I can use a few comments from outside the office, either in prose or verse, and shall be glad to get them. Contributors, I hope, will bear with me if I have to sift them pretty thoroughly on account of limitations of space.

I feel slightly naked with the dropping even of so threadbare an anonymity as that of "The Phœnician." But for some time now I have been writing "Round about Parnassus" in the first person, and in order to preserve homogeneity in these columns it seems best not to skip from the third person back to the first and back to the third again in successive weeks. The editorial "we" seems a bit too inflated for a department of this kind anyway. So I can only ask your sufferance while I try to readjust myself.

Nearer The Sky

The Saturday Review of Literature has moved into new offices. We are a good deal nearer the sky now, having risen from the eighth to the twelfth floor in the same office building, having reëstablished our Mermaids in an airier aqua- [illegible] and expanded our floor space to the two new members Chamberlain and Mr. rley's office sits in the midst of the nest of offices, very much like the "bridge" of a ship; and there you may often see old Quercus lurking as he shoots the sun to adjust the course of *The Saturday Review* or stumps about in his ancient blue reefer to mark which way the trade winds are blowing.

The Phœnix Nest itself has found its new twiggy home Nor' Nor'west of the large office where the Editor-in-Chief and the Associate Editor have their official desks. Owing to the deft management of several transoms, the *Nest* finds its new quarters better ventilated than of yore, though it boasts no window on the outer world. The old lining of the nest has been preserved. It is book-lined as usual, save when a certain Sorcerer from Ann Street enters its precincts from time to time, and by peculiar magic turns a certain number of old volumes into bits of green paper, in order to make room for new. There is more shelf-room, however, than I have yet possessed, and over this fact I gloat.

So far I have only two pictures on the wall in front of me, one of a General in uniform and one of an Actress. The former happens to have been my grandfather, the latter is my wife. Between them, when it comes back from the framers, I am hanging a William Edwin Rudge print of a sailing-ship. So far as other mascots go, I still have a Bonzo, a Bear, a Buddha, and a Bird-House—all, you see, beginning with B—and all diminutive. They sit atop the bookshelves.

Through the Maze

So there we are. From the front door the route to *The Phœnix Nest* is a little like a path in a maze. It passes all the other offices, turning perilous corners where one is likely to bump into *Miss Silver*, the Editorial Secretary, carrying important sheafs of papers and an air of academic authority. Entering our reception room, the face of *Miss Hollander* appears at a small window, with a pleasing smile. She presides dexterously over all telephonic communications. She soothes the perturbations of the strayed reviewer. In the cave behind her, known as "The Penthouse" because of curtains that give a feminine touch to the window, Miss Silver has her sanctum; and the unperturbed *Mr. Dittmer*, our Accountant, displays on his desk one of those mathematical machines of many keys which I much covet. It never makes a mistake, even in my salary. Sometimes I wish the machine were a bit more lenient. But, quite unlike Mr. Dittmer himself, it seems to possess no soul!

Turning right, I pass the office of *Mr. Chamberlain*, who aims his clattering typewriter at the door like a machine-gun, scaring me with his industry as I pass. Next is the office occupied by *Mr. Stevens* and *Mr. Greenfield*, *Mr. Quercus* having celebrated the work of the latter in last week's "Trade Winds." The door hides from me the ample desk of Mr. Stevens who sits over by the Forty-fifth Street window, immersed in Napoleonic plans. I face *Miss Murphy*, who is always so easy to look at, in the office of the publisher, *Mr. Cathcart*. (Miss Murphy, as you probably know,—for the Nest drank her health at that time—was recently married to a Mariner not Ancient and hence carries on the old seafaring tradition of *The Saturday Review*. But the Office has found it hard to stop addressing her as Miss Murphy still.) Looking down upon the roof of the Harvard Club across the street, of which he is a distinguished member, the Publisher ponders mighty matters of Circulation and Advertising and general improvements in the periodical for the benefit of you readers. Turning again right, a closed door bears this sign

ENTRANCE TO THE BOWLING GREEN
Man Working
Proceed with Care

Within I can hear the genial uproar of a telephone conversation and *Old Quercus* indulging in a sea chantey, to the rat-tat-tat accompaniment of his wooden leg. He is probably spearing the incoming mail on the iron hook attached to his left arm!

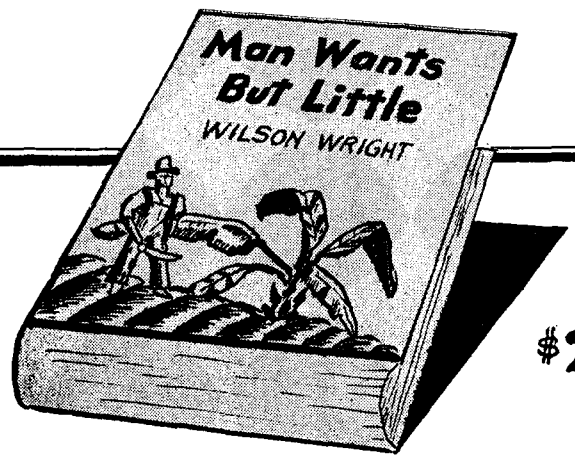
Now I have on my right the stock-room presided over by *"George"'s* genius as a wrapper-up, source of supplies, and intimate of the Postal authorities. George, like Mr. Morley, boasts a favorite briar. On my left, in an alcove, is a large carboy of drinking water with the usual paper cups—glared at by a barricade of files. I am incredibly informed that this nook has been christened *The Grotto*, and it has even been whispered that if the water-cooler could be persuaded to higher spirits, the name of "The Blotto Grotto" would be in order. Upon this suggestion, however, I naturally bend a frown of stern disapproval, and to it I turn a deaf ear.

So, passing between Scylla and Charybdis, I enter on my left the spacious editorial office. To my right is the desk of *Henry Seidel Canby*, even now flitting across the foam for an investigation of literary conditions abroad. On the other side of the room that indefatigable, efficient, and intelligent Associate Editor, *Amy Loveman*, reigns over the books and reviews. She even keeps a private *cache* of cigarettes and matches for editors whose copy is bound to suffer if they stop smoking for even a moment. This room has one entire wall of large Forty-Fifth Street-facing windows. Diving right, I crawl into the Phœnix Nest, and am at last at home.

As to Plans

I am contemplating painting a large sign for the door of *The Phœnix Nest*, but as yet I have not had enough spare time, and an inspiration for its wording has not visited me. However, you have now a pretty fair idea of the new offices and their inhabitants. The object of this whole array is to make you subscribers to a weekly periodical of quite superior merit. We shall all do our best.

As to my own plans for this particular department, outside of devoting it ever and anon to a discussion of the best current books of poetry, I am keeping them flexible because there is no knowing what I may wish to write about from time to time. My hope is to furnish you a certain amount of entertainment from week to week, both in prose and verse. The news of new books and their publishers will be purveyed, as I have said, on the last page of this magazine; but I may often take the text for my discourse from some current volume, or some ancient one—for that matter—as in times gone by.



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The New Books

History

(*Continued from page* 594)

whereas he merely revived something which had been moribund. His genius was his own, but his method was the method of a past age. Those who hailed him as a gigantic innovator had never read either Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" or Jeaffreson's books on Byron and Shelley. Strachey at times took liberties with minor details, but never with the common heritage of English speech. He touched nothing he did not adorn. He never, one may remind Mr. Chidsey in his more jocund moods, exchanged hats with Clio, or wrote of Elizabethan gentlemen as thugs and racketeers.

Miscellaneous

DESUGGESTION: FOR THE ATTAINMENT OF HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS. By E. TIETJENS. Translated from the German by EDGAR and CEDAR PAUL. Dial. 1932.

The expectations aroused by the author's subtitle fade away as the content becomes increasingly doctrinaire, the treatment hortatory and argumentative. The idea underlying "desuggestion" has been suggested before and is cogent; but what might have been developed to an acceptable thesis if pleasantly put in modest compass, becomes tiresomely repetitious when expanded to six hundred pages. There is a tom-tom insistence upon such questionable theses as that because the psychic life is rigidly determined there is no (practical) freedom of the will; that egoes are all alike; that differences in behavior result from primary trends, here called taxisms, and from parassociations—which is the name for false ideas. Ecphoration, synecphory, homophony, mneme, engram, and a score of forbidding coinages cumber the exposition. This and that principle, warranted within its familiar scope, is paraded as a discovery of "the utmost practical importance," which, when sifted to its essentials, is no more than what we all agree: that principles to become effective must be absorbed into the feeling-action system and not be accepted only intellectually.

This variety of exposition is out of step with the vital movement of psychological progress. Salvation by vocabulary is *passé*. We can pass such a verdict upon Descartes as that he took all his mental furniture out, inspected it and put it back again, and still respect the advancement of thinking which his penetrating mind contributed. But there is no such compensation in the rebaptising of the items of the psychological system and scheduling them in addition in formal quantitative formulæ. What is gained by calling love identification, and explaining that it is the power to derive pleasure from another's pleasure?

As in all easy solutions, and most so in salvations by terminology of any variety of idiosyncrasy, the essential, pivotal considerations are ignored. The enigma of happiness and the sphinx of neurosis are just feminine enough to require a far more adroit wooing, based on insight not vocabulary.

PEOPLE WORTH TALKING ABOUT. By COSMO HAMILTON. McBride. 1933.

A fifteen minute talk over the radio is quite a different set of circumstances from a fifteen hundred to two thousand word periodical essay called a Causerie or Table Talk. It may be reasonably surmised that a more or less definite genre is coming out of the conditions and invitations of this new outlet. Mr. Hamilton has had a long and varied experience with publics, and his way of meeting these conditions is undoubtedly intelligent. He takes as his subject people either well of fairly well known to the reading public and talks of them in an easy conversational way—a few biographical facts, some description of appearance and personality, a good deal of anecdote and recollection, here and there an opinion of their work. The talks are not cut to a pattern, but they are done by a man who is alert to the conditions. It is publishing, but the listening public is not like the reading public. To illustrate, a listening public might notice and take exception to the statement that Stevenson "was buried in the sea which washes the coast of Samoa,"—Mr. Hamilton probably received numerous letters correcting him; but probably none at all on his saying that Oscar Wilde "was the reincarnation of Sheridan who has spent some time in France," which leaves it grammatically doubtful whether it was Sheridan or Wilde who spent some time in France. He means Wilde, whose epigrams are frequently inversions from la Rochefoucauld. It is perhaps as evident that Sheridan had read Molière as that Wilde had read la Rochefoucauld. But while the reading public may object to grammatical obscurity, or even to critical pronouncements a bit too casual, the listening public is most apt to notice an error of fact. Neither greatly matter here. The essential is that the anecdotes are all good, the descriptions quick and vivid, and the effect of close touch with interesting people is really produced. The volume is entertainingly illustrated by Conrado Massaguer.

Children's Bookshelf

WITH the rapidly increasing number of books of real beauty and worth in the folk lore class, it seems incredible that some additions should recently appear that meet with the honest enthusiasm of the reviewer. Apart from any value these stories have in adding to a child's knowledge of other countries, they are four separate worlds of charm and delight. In not one does the author talk down to her audience; in each the spirit of the tale of oral origin is preserved by that simple magic of wording that is not simple to define.

"Tales Told in Korea," by Bertha Metzger (Stokes: $1.75), stands out in the group as presenting the most endearing picture of a people. One wonders how a year's residence in any country could give the author so genuine a feeling for its people. And one tucks Korea away in the back of one's mind as a possible refuge from the confused western world.

"Sven the Wise and Svea The Kind," by Alina Overbeck (Harpers: $2.50), and "Evenings in a Greek Bazaar," by Agnes C. Vaughan (Knopf: $2.), strike a modern note that is unusual in the folk tale. To Miss Vaughan this presents no difficulties. The setting may be modern; the tales are old. Not so old as the more familiar myths, yet often based on them. It is perhaps the oriental fragrance which Miss Vaughan tells us pervades these stories fundamentally Greek, which helps keep the illusion of age and old world atmosphere. Miss Overbeck's stories are modern not so much in the setting as in the language. These stories are simple and genuine however.

The Maya tales, in "The Bright Feather," by Dorothy Rhoades (Doubleday, Doran: $2), as might be expected, are more primitive, more vigorous, than the tales in the other collections. They concern themselves with the explanations of phenomena, with the ways of wild beasts, and the origin of many accepted customs. The style is perfectly suited to the content; brief, matter of fact, and with a delightful touch of humor.

BIOGRAPHY

Napoleon's Mother. R. McN. Wilson. Lip. $3.

EDUCATION

Grammar for Composition. C. H. Ward. Scott, Foresman. *Essentials of English Grammar.* O. Jespersen. Holt. $2.

FOREIGN

La Vierge aux Yeux de Feu. F. Denoeu. Bar-le-Duc: Jolibois (Hanover, N. H.: Dartmouth Bookstore).

FICTION

Cattle Kingdom. A. le May. Far. & Rin. $2 net. *Prelude to Departure.* S. P. Jerman. Harp. $2. *Three Who Were Strong.* B. Webb. Doubl., Dor. $2. *Pirates and Pigeons.* E. H. Sechrist. Lip. $2. *The Flutter of an Eyelid.* M. Brinig. Far. & Rin. *Mistress Margaret.* G. Crownfield. Lip. $2.

MISCELLANEOUS

Bankers' Gold. E. L. Smith. Sim. & Schus. $1.50. *The Primer of Inflation.* E. Sparling. Day. $1.50. *Revolution vs. Jobs.* T. Ewing Dabney. Dial. $1.50. *Behind These Walls.* J. R. Winning. Macmil. $2.

TRAVEL

England Their England. A. G. Macdonell. Macmil. $2.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
GOLD BRICK ISLAND *J. J. Connington* (Little, Brown & Co.: $2.)	Discovery of hunk of pure gold on island off British coast excites curiosity of honeymooning couple.	Adventure yarn by a master mystery craftsman who uses all guaranteed, sure-fire methods—even a secret passage—to provide plenteous thrills.	Enjoyable
THE AMERICAN GUN MYSTERY *Ellery Queen* (Stokes: $2.)	Toprider at New York Rodeo is shot off his horse on opening night and the Queens, *père et fils*, get busy.	Horses, horses, horses: Western dialect: prize fighters: screen stars—naughty and nasty: much, too much, analytico-deductive tosh, and faintly absurd solution.	Neigh
TAKE UP THE BODIES *K. T. Knoblock* (Harpers: $2.)	Break in levee discloses first body, and then shooting becomes general, with hangings and suicides to boot—plus some elementary sleuthing.	Gruesome, gory, overwritten tale of sanguinary folks in Louisiana. Strives to be more than a thriller and fails completely.	Poor
THE DARK ADVENTURE *Augustus Muir* (Putnam: $2.)	Strange goings on around freighter wrecked on rocky Scottish coast involve a braw Scot and his English house guest in wild adventures.	Another "straight" adventure yarn, with jewel robbers, midnight affrays, kidnapings, and subdued but pleasing love story.	Fair
DEATH TOLLS THE BELL *Paul McGuire* (Coward-McCann: $2.)	American screen star, with troubled mind, is found hanging from bell-rope of English church and Mr. Hupper, the novelist-detective, takes his feet off mantel.	Notable for choice collection of aristocratic wealthy and worthless characters, creepy setting, good dialogue and sleuthing—but marred by a weak ending.	So-So
CROOKS IN THE SUNSHINE *E. Phillips Oppenheim* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Two gangs of American crooks lock horns along the Riviera and the not-so-bad set led by a delightful girl comes out triumphant.	Group of "ten connected episodes," all about the same people, in same colorful setting and all capitally done in sleekest Oppenheim manner.	Very Good

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The New Soviet Literature

By LYDIA NADEJENA

THERE are certain unequivocal symptoms and manifestations of a new attitude in Soviet Russia towards art in general, and literature in particular. This conclusion finds support in two important factors: the decree of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of April 23, 1932, and the plenary session of the Organizing Committee of the Union of All Soviet Writers in October and November, 1932.

By the decree of April 23, 1932, the Central Committee of the Communist Party (the highest authority in Soviet Russia) abolished with one stroke the RAPP,—the association of proletarian writers,—and other similar organizations. The same decree points out the dangerous fact that these proletarian organizations instead of being "a means of rallying the largest possible number of Soviet writers and artists around the cause of socialist construction, are becoming a means for the cultivation of small, petty cliques cut from the political issues of the day and from considerable groups of writers and artists who are friendly to socialist construction."

To fight this danger the highest authority of the party dissolved the association of proletarian writers. To develop artistic creation the Central Committee of the Communist Party called the writers and artists of Soviet Russia to unite in one non-partisan association of Soviet writers "with the communists only as a section in it."

The importance and the deep significance of this decision in Soviet Russia can be readily realized when one considers retrospectively the life and struggle of Russian literature for the past fifteen years. Since the upheaval of 1917 the basic motto of the revolutionary art of Soviet Russia has been—proletarization of literature. In a society where the dominant factor is the proletariat, literature, and for that matter all art, must be proletarian; *i. e.*, the basic ideology of this given epoch must be the [illegible]ology in diametrical opposition to the ideology of the previous [illegible]as capitalistic. True to the [illegible]ophy the proletarian writers maintained that every artist, every writer and literary critic in Soviet Russia must be in consonance with the proletarian epoch; he cannot remain aloof, surrounded by a sort of impenetrable Chinese wall and create works of art that have nothing to do with "the dominant social environment." The ardent followers of this theory also maintained that a real proletarian writer and literary critic must apply "the method of dialectical materialism" in his creative work.

However, there existed in Soviet Russia a considerable group of prominent, gifted writers who were of the opinion that this approach to literature was rather too dogmatic; they maintained that a work of art can reflect the period in which it is created, but it can also fail to do so and still remain a precious work of art. These writers remained in Soviet Russia, regarding the revolution as an inevitable stage in the progress of humanity, but at the same time they claimed an autonomy for art that has a life of its own, regulated by its own laws and rules, by its own nature. These writers, although they did not constitute a uniform group, were called generally "fellow travelers," or in Russian "poputchiki." Their chief strength in the domain of literature lay in their possession of the great technique of literary art, an exquisite poetic quality, a genuine interest in the depths of the human soul, and an unshakable faith in the eternal values of art.

It was, therefore, natural that these cultured writers and critics who were defending artistic quality above all should be called to coöperate in the noble task of developing a great Soviet literature. To this call they responded and came to the plenary session of the organizing committee of the Union of All Soviet Writers.

This session was highly significant in that it proved that the fifteen years of struggle for cultured values were not lost; on the contrary, both sides, the "poputchiki" ("fellowtravellers"), as well as the proletarian writers have benefited by the experience of Soviet Russia in the wide sphere of cultural endeavor.

The "fellow-travelers" have accumulated immense material of dramatic value taken from the crisis of world economy, on one hand, and from the reconstructive period in Soviet Russia, on the other hand.

As to the proletarian writers, their role in this plenary session was rather of a passive nature or a confession of blunders. They were given to understand that their organization was dissolved because it became a hindrance to the growth of Soviet literature. A prominent member of the Organizing Committee, Mr. Gronsky, in opening the first session said openly and unequivocally: "The members of the association of proletarian writers were saying: write by adopting the method of dialectical materialism; but when they were asked: 'Tell us concretely, how to write in the method of dialectical materialism,' not one of them could give a clear satisfactory answer."

Among many voices at that unusual non-partisan meeting of Soviet writers and literary critics was heard the voice of the well known writer, philosopher, and scientist, Andrey Biely. He pointed out that most of the critics in Soviet Russia consider him as a writer of a mystic and idealistic tendency; nevertheless he came in the hope that a mutual understanding and agreement would be reached among the writers of Soviet Russia. Many other writers and critics frankly and freely expressed their views and opinions, but the general consensus of opinion was that the time for a sort of "mass production" in literature has passed and that from now on it is not the "quantity" but the "quality" that will count in the domain of literary creation. Real art in literature must take the place of all sorts of bombastic manifestoes and literary pronouncements made by small and petty literary cliques.

Contrary to the tendency of the so-called proletarian writers, who under the name of socialistic realism too frequently deviated into the sphere of social *reportage*, the writers and critics at the plenary session emphasized the fact that Soviet literature is facing now the problem of developing a perfection of literary form, and that it is high time for the proletarian writers to learn not only from the realists but also from the romanticists who created great works in the past. In other words, the Soviet writers and critics recognized the important fact that Soviet literature will greatly improve its technique and will develop a higher artistic quality if instead of brushing aside all great works of the past, it will study them thoroughly and adopt their form and artistic methods.

The Spirit of a Genius

ENTRETIENS SUR GOETHE. Paris: Société des Nations. 1932. Frcs. 15.

Reviewed by KARL KÜP

WHEN centenaries are not mere celebrations but when they bring together people of equal thought to discuss the person to be fêted, and when these record the merits and influences of that particular person upon themselves or upon their nation, their sayings, praise, doubts, and anxieties ought to be worth the effort. On May 14, 1932, people from all over the world gathered in Frankfort on the Main to celebrate Goethe, the great German, the great *Weltbürger*, the great artist and traveller. These men frankly state their case: what do we owe to Goethe? When Gilbert Murray says: "The world has a different aspect for the man who has read 'Faust'," therein lies all, for in "Faust" we find the entire Goethe, the poet, philosopher, scientist, revolutionist, statesman, and lover.

Salvador de Madariga from Spain, Thomas Mann from Germany, Ugo Ogetti from Italy, Josef Strzygowski from Poland, Paul Valéry from France, and Costa du Rels from Bolivia (to name but a few) pay homage to the great genius and stress the influence of Goethe upon their respective fatherland and its world of thought; Goethe and the vocation of writing, Goethe and European lyrics, Goethe and the European mentality, Goethe and Hellenism, Goethe and romantic art, Goethe's travels through Switzerland, Italy, and his stay in Rome. Then follow discussions, and we see how evenly the tapestry of thought has been woven throughout the century. Men with different backgrounds reading the spirits of a genius, and although their reflections may differ in shade, when put together they blend and give harmony to the picture of the poet. The book has been compiled by the International Institute for Intellectual Coöperation in Paris.

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Christopher Morley

says of

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by JAMES ASTON

"I can only begin by warning you against this book, it is thoroughly immoral and I hope you will be properly scandalized. If you are a quite mature reader, and insist upon enjoying Mr. Aston's very Latin merriment, don't blame me. I would not dream of permitting anyone to encounter this book unless accustomed to jokes with a sprinkle of salt, strong spice and racy savors. Poor Mr. Belfry was a don at Cambridge; shy, pious and Quakerish, he had reached the age of forty-seven without ever sowing a wild oat. All his oats were Quaker oats. He had 'an inability to ejaculate Cheerio!' and even his students found him rather tame. Then he had a sabbatical year —a sort of witch's sabbath—and went to Naples. The moonlight, the leisure, the callipygian Venus and a tout in a museum started a moral downheaval in his orderly bosom. He went to Capri, where he chummed with the kitchen staff of the hotel. He went to a party with the chef and the chambermaids. How he evaded Eulalia (and was misunderstood); how he was ejected from his hotel, eloped with Beatrice (another chambermaid), rowed a boat to the mainland and discovered the eccentric little foreign colony at Anfitrano I could not possibly describe to you. Yet, if you insist... at least Mr. Aston, though wickedly amusing, caters his onion salad with real wit. Delightful, deplorable book."

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.* As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

H. B. D., Wollaston, Mass., asks if this column has printed a list of books telling how to earn a living, especially such as would help those who would like to start a small one-man business.

THE book that came first out of the present conditions was "How to Get a Job during the Depression," by Warren C. Graham (Association Press). This is based on methods that were tested by the Y. M. C. A. in New York City with a high percentage of results. The latest is "Your Job: How to Get it and How to Keep It," by R. O. Pickard, which has just been published by Dodd, Mead; this is by a personnel manager who wastes no time in generalities, getting directly to the point in present-day circumstances. Another book just from the press is "the Girl and Her Job," by Esther Eberstadt Brooke (Appleton), a little handbook for beginners instilling needed confidence without being too rosy. The chapter on application is especially interesting; it gives sample "intelligence tests" of a nature likely to make one beat the brow. "I Find My Vocation," by Harry Dexter Kitson (McGraw), is a vocational guide for junior high schools; "Out of a Job," by Elsie Harper, and "Unemployment's Humpty Dumpty," a short course on unemployment problems by Ruth Steinmetz, are timely pamphlets published by the Woman's Press; this also issues a practical discussion of present-day situations to be met by women in business, "As Told by Business Girls," by Margaret Quayle.

"Get that Job!" by Robert Gebler (Stokes), is recent and practical; its feature is the attention it pays to the middle-aged man and woman. A vocational library should include "Jobs for the College Graduate in Science," by E. J. V. Menge (Bruce), which gives carefully arranged details of openings and training needed for work in mathematical, physical, and chemical fields and in connection with medicine, engineering, and biology, and of special uses for training in botany. The University of Minnesota Press publishes "University Training for the National Service," edited by M. B. Lambie, a large volume dealing with all scientific and professional services of the federal government.

To this equipment one might meanwhile add "Fifty Ways to Save Money," by Malcolm McCaw (Longman's, Green), and keep in reserve Charles A. David's appropriate and inspiring little book "How to Be Happy on Nothing a Year" (Bobbs-Merrill).

But the books on starting small, one-man businesses elude me, and the authorities I have consulted seem likewise at a loss. I would be glad of suggestions from readers.

F. M. S., Detroit, Mich., asks for a clue to author and publisher of an old novel called "Phra the Phœnician," saying, "the copy which belonged to my father was rebound without the title page." This is none other than a forgotten best-seller of reincarnation fiction, "The Wonderful Adventures of Phra the Phœnician," retold by Edwin Lester Arnold with an introduction by Sir Edwin Arnold. The last publication I can trace was by Putnam in 1917. If the name of Sir Edwin Arnold calls up memories of a little green book called "The Light of Asia," the wave of Orientalism that preceded the Omar Khayyam breaker may roll back to mind with it.

J. C. McM., Clarksburg, West Va., asks for the best unabridged translation of "The Three Musketeers." To me no edition is quite canonical without the incomparable text illustrations of Maurice Leloir. So the answer to this is the three-dollar one-volume edition published by Appleton; it used to be in two, very convenient if there were more than one D'Artagnan fan in the family. These pictures have made things hard for the movies; if an actor or actress does not look this way you know something is wrong. Also this edition is unabridged, and the translation marches. For that matter, I have read but one cut version, and that was a school edition from which every vestige of Milady had been deftly extracted. To my amazement you could not have told that anything had been taken out unless you had read the book beforehand, which goes to show once more how little mere ladies have to do with its basic charm.

R. M. B., Blacksburg, Va., asks if there is a book dealing with the origin of common things or customs, as the origin of sidewalks, of buttons on coat sleeves, and so on. He has searched the U. S. Catalogue in vain. I cannot say that "Famous First Facts: a Record of the First Happenings, Discoveries, and Inventions in the United States" (H. W. Wilson Co.) goes into details of just this kind, but it has just appeared and will be in steady use in the reference rooms of libraries, especially in those frequented by teachers and newspaper men. It is arranged alphabetically, and its 2,500 events have chronological and geographical indexes showing what took place in any city or in any one year. The publishers say that unlimited pains have been taken to make all this accurate.

M. V. N. S., Mantoloking, N. J., asks where to find a copy of "The Brontës in Ireland," to which I introduced her in the first years of this department; her copy has been lost. She adds: "It had green binding with green shamrocks on the back." It did indeed, and it must have been a cherished book while she had it, remembering the cover always means a special sympathy. But the only way I know to get the use of a copy now is through the reading room of the New York Public Library, where, if you look up "The Brontës in Ireland: or, Facts Stronger than Fiction," by William Wright (1837-1899), you will find a book published by Appleton in 1893 and still capable of arousing a bright interest in a Brontësian. I cannot know, of course, if all these "facts" are straight, but it is a striking proof of the vitality of the Brontë strain that these wild records of "Welch" the foundling, and of Patrick's father and mother, Hugh Brontë the champion storyteller and his sweetheart Alice, should still so catch the imagination. It should be in the Brontë bibliographies; the connection with "Wuthering Heights" sources is unmistakable.

Speaking of Clemence Dane's Brontë play, "Wild December," as we were not long since in this column, it is interesting to note that no less than six plays dealing with them are now in the hands of London managers. This information comes from the Yale University Press, which has just brought out a selection of Charlotte's unpublished child-writings, "Legends of Angria." They say, with perfect truth, that these are of high psychologic interest. So is everything about the family, which may be why relatively so many attempts have been made to treat them psycho- (sometimes pseudo-) biographically. Besides Roma Wilson's "All Alone" (Boni), which deals high-handedly with Emily, there is Rosamund Langbridge's "Charlotte Brontë: a Psychological Study" (Heinemann, 1929) and Lucile Dooley's "Psychoanalysis of Charlotte Brontë" in the *American Journal of Psychology*, Worcester, vol. 31, 1920, and the "Three Virgins of Haworth," by Emilie and Georges Romieu (Dutton). But my own choice would be E. F. Benson's "Charlotte Brontë" (Longmans, Green) and the brief introduction to the family offered by Abbé Dimnet in "The Brontë Sisters" (Harcourt, Brace).

J. L. J., Pawtucket, R. I., needs a comparatively recent history of the Civil War (within the last fifteen years) in not more than two volumes. The great history of the War of Secession is the "History of the Civil War," by James Ford Rhodes (Macmillan), published in 1917; this is not a condensation of any of his longer works, but a special use of them with new material. It is in one volume of 450 pages.

For conditions back of the firing-line, John Bach McMasters "History of the People of the United States during Lincoln's Administration" (Appleton, 1927) is most valuable. For the highly important matter of foreign relations of the Confederacy, especially with England, France, and Rome, there is a careful study by Frank Lawrence Owsley, "King Cotton Diplomacy" (University of Chicago, 1931).

L. E. M., San Bernardino, Cal., asks if there is a story by some rather well-known writer in which a burglar and a baby are the central characters. This can be no other than "My Disreputable Friend Mr. Raegan," to be found in the collection "Gallegher and Other Stories," by Richard Harding Davis (Scribner). It came out in *Scribner's* in the days when you saved your copies of this magazine and had them bound in olive boards with a gilt stamp, very tasty—and what's more, the collection in which it appears is still in print. I will, of course, be reminded of Mrs. Burnett's "Editha's Burglar" unless I mention it, but Rags Raegan and his unexpected young companion make so good a story that if Hollywood is still looking for a second script for the young genius who plays opposite Chevalier in "A Bedtime Story," I recommend it for this purpose.

J. L. B., Tufts College, asks for a list of studies of T. S. Eliot, preferably of recent publication. The latest to appear in this country is Hugh Ross Williamson's "The Poetry of T. S. Eliot" (Putnam) in which the author's belief that "English poetry of the future will be largely unintelligible to those unacquainted with his work" has made him determined that the general readers may have no excuse not to find it intelligible. (I trust those negatives work out right.) The feature of the book is its admirable treatment of "The Waste Land." "Axel's Castle," by Edmund Wilson (Scribner, 1931), considers imaginative literature from the time of the Symbolists to Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Proust, and Eliot. "Mr. Eliot among the Nightingales," by Louis Grudin, was published by Drake in Paris in 1932; it is an answer to his "Poetry and Propaganda." Bonamy Dobree's "The Lamp and the Lute" (Oxford University Press, 1929) also deals deftly with Ibsen, Hardy, Kipling, Forster, and D. H. Lawrence. "Thomas Stearns Eliot," by Thomas McGreevy, was published by Chatto & Windus in 1931, and the same firm published "New Bearings in English Poetry," by F. R. Leavis, in 1932, including Eliot, Ezra Pound, Gerald Manley Hopkins, and others. The *Suwanee Review* has printed two articles on his work by W. E. Collins (volume 39) and one by W. S. Knickerbocker (vol. 41). In the *American Book Collector,* Metuchen, N. J., volume three, 1933, is a check-list for T. S. Eliot by Norah Nicholls.

This reminds me that a correspondent told me the quotation from T. S. Eliot recently printed in the course of one of these replies had made him send for all he could get by this author, toward whom he hitherto had not been drawn.

P. J. McD., E. Pepperell, Mass., asks who publishes the works of the Irish playwright Synge. The complete works of John Millington Synge are published by J. W. Luce, Summer St., Boston.

J. A. R., Gowanda, N. Y., asks for books on American sculptors: the early school, the middle phase, and the outstanding men of the new movement. Lorado Taft's massive one-volume "History of American Sculpture" (Macmillan) has been revised for the new edition, and an added chapter by Adeline Adams brings it up to 1930. For the men of the newest movement, R. H. Wilenski's "The Meaning of Modern Sculpture" (Stokes) is brisk reading.

K. A. F., Minneapolis, Minn., is making a scrapbook collection of modern stage settings, and wonders if some of these may not have been collected in book-form. There is page after page of them over at the back of Lee Simonson's admirable book about the contemporary theatre, "The Stage Is Set" (Harcourt, Brace). "Horizons," by Norman Bel Geddes (Little, Brown), has put the practical dreams of a stage designer to use to the advantage of possible radio sets, store windows, ranges, steamships, restaurants, and almost everything else, in an outburst of prophetic fervor. The illustrations of Enid Rose's "Gordon Craig and the Theatre" (Stokes) have a special interest. Victor d'Amico's "Theater Art" (Manual Arts Press), intended for the prospective stage designer but interesting to thoughtful playgoers, has photographs and drawings. H. F. Helvenston's "Scenery" (Stanford University Press) is meant for little theatres and amateur production; it has many pictures; so has another book for non-professionals, "Stage Scenery and Lighting," by Selden and Sellman (Crofts). But the big picture-book is Joseph Urban's "Book of the Theatres" (Day: $7.50), a survey that takes in four famous theatres, a music center, and a proposed opera house.

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A FRENCHMAN IN ENGLAND. Translated from the French of FRANÇOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, and annotated by S. C. ROBERTS. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1933.

SOME three years before Arthur Young travelled in France to such good advantage, a young disciple of his, François de la Rochefoucauld, the son of the Duc de Liancourt who established an arts and crafts school at Châlons, went about England in much the same spirit that actuated Young. He made several journeys in the English counties, and the record of his trip through Suffolk and Norfolk has now been translated and edited from the original manuscript in the British Museum. The book is delightful reading, by virtue of the serene and detached sympathy of the young Frenchman for his English acquaintances. At that time the French Revolution and the haunting spectre of Bonaparte had not disturbed the Englishman, and save for the natural reticence of the British farmer, there were few impediments to an intimate knowledge of English rural life for so engaging a person as young Rochefoucauld must have been, and equipped as he was with introductions from Arthur Young.

The book makes fine casual reading, and has met with enthusiastic reception from many lovers of England and of good translating.

R.

Confucius and Villon

THE ANALECTS OF CONFUCIUS. Translated, with introduction and Notes, by LIONEL GILES. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1933.

AS a part of its endeavor to provide its members with examples of printing from all parts of the world, the Limited Editions Club has sad prepared a fresh translation of the sayings of Confucius by the Keeper of Oriental Books and Manuscripts in the British Museum and has had it printed in China. I understand that this edition is not a reprint of his "Sayings of Confucius," issued by Murray in 1907, but a new rendering, with new notes and introduction. There is thus offered a complete text, annotated, and with a critical commentary.

The printing of the book has been done by the Commercial Press of Shanghai, said to have been, before the destruction of the plant by Japanese culture in the form of cannon balls, the largest printing office in the world. Japanese frightfulness incidentally destroyed the first printing of the book now before me, but the Commercial Press was reëstablished and has now completed its work. The result, it must be confessed, is more interesting than noteworthy, as a book. It has the usual oriental touches of folded pages, indifferent type, and poor presswork. The binding, while in the Chinese style, is done in a very handsome Chinese brocade. It is a lovely binding of its kind, though not exactly adapted to our Western method of storing books. Adequately to protect the delicate material, there has been provided a Chinese redwood box with the title in English and Chinese carved on the cover.

The effect is sufficiently exotic, and interesting as a piece of Chinese work, but it is not wholly satisfactory in its effort to unite the East and the West.

THE LYRICS OF FRANÇOIS VILLON. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1933.

IF the previous book left something to be desired in the way of fine printing, the present edition of Villon's poems quite makes up for it. It has been printed on the hand press by Mr. Joseph Blumenthal, and all details of the manufacture seem to have been carried out with great care and thoroughness. The paper is a fine quality of rag, with a pleasant tone and surface. The type is a special font of Mr. Blumenthal's, made for him a few years ago in Germany, and, as I pointed out recently in reviewing a book from his Spiral Press, it is a remarkably sane and comely book face. It has almost no mannerisms, yet it has distinction—which makes it an entirely satisfactory letter for books. The presswork is good, with a firm, clear, black impression which could only have been bettered by dampening the paper. Nevertheless, if any printer wants to improve on it he will have a hard time. There is a very simple, well designed title page. The binding is in buckram, with a fine label on the backbone.

The translations of Villon included in the volume are the familiar ones of Swinburne, Rosetti, Henley, Payne, as well as recent versions by Léonie Adams, who also contributes an introduction. Miss Adams's translations seem to carry the spirit and form of Villon's originals fully as well as the work of the older masters, though they lack the suavity and familiarity of such old favorites as Rosetti's version of the "Ballad of Dead Ladies."

For this edition Mr. Howard Simon has made thirty woodblocks which admirably fit the text and the typography. Yet nothing typographic can entirely reflect the sordid permanence of Villon's fame—our "sad, bad, glad, mad brother's name" echoes down the ages. "Shame soiled his song and song assoiled his shame," as his greatest translator has said, for out of the insufferable filth of medieval Paris the lyrics of François Villon (dogged eternally by the police and his own fate) ring clear and sharp today. Yet there is little of hope in them, and they fit the mood of an age which knows more of Capone and speakeasies, of Ogpus and Nazis, of the "third degree" and "blotting out," than it does of sweetness and light. The underworld and the overlords are kin now as they were in Villon's Paris; there is grim appositeness in printing his verse today.

R.

The Story of De Soto

TRUE RELATION OF . . . FERNANDO DE SOTO . . . set forth by a Gentleman of Elvas. Translated and edited by JAMES A. ROBERTSON. DeLand, Florida State Historical Society. 1932-3. 2 vols.

THE latest issue in the historical series published by the Florida State Historical Society is a two-volume edition of the story of de Soto, told originally by "A Gentleman of Elvas," and printed by André de Burgos at Evora in 1557. Of the first edition there is a copy in the Bibliotheca de Ajuda in Portugal, and a copy in the British Museum: the third known copy is in the New York Public Library, and this has been used as a basis for the present edition. The Committee on Publications speaks of the new edition as "an epochal event," so important for the study of the early history of the United States is the narrative of the gentleman of Elvas.

The first volume contains an introduction by Mr. Robertson, and a heliotype facsimile of the copy of the first edition in the New York Public Library. The second volume contains a translation, copious foot notes, a bibliographical note, and an ample index. There are also in the second volume two reproductions of portraits of de Soto, and facsimiles of two early maps—Delisle's 1718 map of Louisiana and a manuscript map in the Archivo General de Indias.

So far as I know this is the only considerable historical work to be printed in recent times in America entirely in black-letter type for the text. The notes are set in smaller, Roman type. The type page approximates the original as to size and typographic style, but in both volumes all matter not in facsimile is printed in red rules.

The volumes are bound in brown cloth sides and parchment paper backs, with gold stamping.

R.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent; tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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TERMS: I am "worse" but perhaps not hopelessly. A "somewhat intellectual" (small, and like yourself) "gentlewoman" not "set or old-maidish." Maybe I am a "kindred spirit." M. E. T.

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in the Museum of Natural History illustrates the "Normal Curve of Variation" (which runs apparently through all Creation). This Bucket of Bivalves Betokens that only 4 or 5 scallops out of 78 will have as many as 20 shell-flutes. . . .

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DOUBLEDAY DORAN

GARDEN CITY N.Y.

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Word has reached Old Desiderating Quercus that the Peabody Book Shop in Baltimore has opened a beer garden, and business is good on Saturday nights. The home town of H. L. Mencken has reason to be proud of this innovation, and Quercus hopes that bookstores elsewhere will emulate the ingenious idea.

☞The Gotham Book Mart on West 47th Street held its annual Umbrella-Raising ceremony on May Day, when Miss Steloff and her frolic subordinates opened the Back Yard Season, al fresco book boxes and everything—sandwiches and beer passed out through the window of the neighboring cafeteria.

☞The Fifth Avenue Bus has literary associations. Did you know that the First Prize handwriting, shown on the backs of upper deck seats and identifying "America's Finest Cigarette" is the autograph of the great-granddaughter of America's First Famous Poet?

☞The Phœnix Nest has moved inside the magazine (see page 595) where it's less draughty. ☞Poor Old Quercus is left out here, cheek by jowl (and what jowls they have) among the Traffickers. ☞Mr. Canby the Editor will be in London during the month of June, care the Athenæum Club.

☞There's nothing that gives Quercus a better thrill than the monthly arrival of *The Studio*, perhaps the most fascinating illustrated magazine in the world. ☞In the new office, so charmingly described by The Phœnician in this issue, the Mermaids get hungry by noon: they can smell the aromatic cuisine of The Cherry Tree luncheonette, which underlies their grotto.

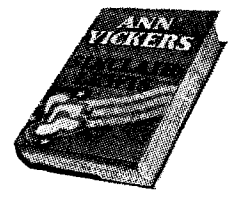
Old Quercus, who spends many an evening with booksellers' catalogues, was pleased by Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt's recent article (in the New York *Times*). She said: "My husband will sit quietly and happily a whole evening and busy himself with his stamp collection or go over book catalogues. . . . There are many evenings which he will spend looking over newly acquired books."

☞Quercus asked Mermaid G., discreet conductor of the *Personals*, for a line on how they pulled. G. rounded up a dozen ads: four had received between 20 and 30 replies; six between 30 and 40; one 50, and one 75. The *Personals* have sold everything from donkeys to round-the-world cruises; the highest score in the check-up was achieved by a young man who wanted a literary collaborator. This ad combined the Three Principal Ingredients of the *Personals:* literature, companionship, and a job. ☞Old Quercus is reminded of Franklin Spier's perfect mail-order headline, combining the three necessary elements of snobbery, sex, and a bargain: "Now you can have this famous courtesan of a dozen kings for only $1.98."

☞Publishers are going in for inflation. Four books are already in the race: *Banker's Gold* by Edgar Laurence Smith (Simon and Schuster), *The Primer of Inflation* by Earl Sparling (John Day), *Men Without Money* by Wayne Weisham and Wayne Parrish (Putnam), and *Inflation* by Donald B. Woodward and Marc A. Rose (Whittlesey House). But it is too late for addicts of the gold standard to entertain reasonable hopes that inflation, like technocracy, can be killed by having too many books written about it. The danger is that the books will kill each other. ☞The publishers involved would have done well to follow the example of the administration, postponing inflation until they had passed a domestic allotment plan.

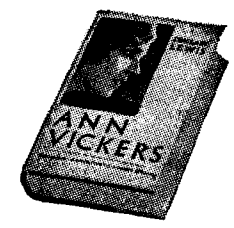
☞What ever became of Mr. Cheney?

☞Quercus, attracted from the sidewalk by the magic word SALE, looked in at The Encyclopaedia Britannica Bookshop, where they were pleased over having sold five sets of encyclopaedias in one day. Washington Square Bookshop has been doing well with *The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary*. Both shops are good distributing centers for *The Saturday Review of Literature*, but Quercus draws no inference. ☞From trade reports, *The House of Exile* by Nora Waln looks like a big book. It's the first time within the recent memory of Quercus when an out-of-stock report made the trade really impatient.



SLOW yellow river flowing, willows that gesture in tepid August airs, and four children playing at greatness, as, doubtless, great men themselves must play. --ENGLISH

En gul, sakta glidande flod och videbuskar som vaja för ljumma augustifläktar och fyra barn som leka, leka att de äro berömda personer — liksom berömda personer utan tvivel själva maste leka. --SWEDISH



Een gele, traagstroomende rivier; wilgen, wuivend in den lauwen Augustuswind; en vier kinderen, verdiept in een spel van grootheid en macht, zooals ongetwijfeld de Grooten zelven hun spel spelen. --DUTCH

GELBER FLUSS, der träg sein Wasser dahinwälzt, Weiden, die ihre Zweige in der lauen Augustluft bewegen, und vier Kinder, die berühmte Leute spielen — ein Spiel, das die berühmten Leute selbst zweifellos auch spielen müssen. --GERMAN

En gullig Flod, der langsomt flyder af Sted, Piletræer, der rasler i den lumre Augustluft, og fire Børn, der leger Berømtheder, saadan som store Mænd uden Tvivl selv maa lege det. --DANISH

Lassú sodrú sárga folyó partján füzfák remegnek a langyos augusztusi szellöben és négy gyerek «nagyemberesdit» játszik, mert biztos, hogy maguk a nagy emberek is játszani szoktak. --HUNGARIAN

Un fiume giallo dal corso lento, un gruppo di salici che si muovono alla brezza tepida d'agosto e quattro *fanciulli intenti* a giocare álla grandezza, come certamente i grandi uomini vi giocano anch'essi. --ITALIAN

Líný, žlutý proud řeky, vrby, jež gestikulují ve vlahém srpnovém vzduchu a čtyři děti, hrající si na moc a velikost, jak si asi hrávají i velcí lidé. --CZECHO-SLOVAKIAN

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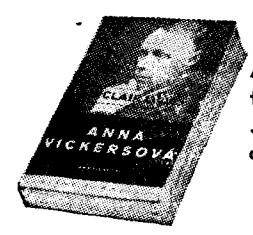

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